SPORT ON THE NEW FRONTIER by JOHN F. KENNEDY

Sports Illustrated

THIS ISSUE 35 CENTS

DECEMBER 26, 1960

SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE




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MEMO *from the publisher*

ON page 15 of this issue we present an article by the President-elect of the United States. As far as we know, he is the first President-elect ever to write a major policy statement for publication in a magazine under his byline. You might be interested to know how this came about.

Impressed by his family's lively interest in sport and recreation, the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED approached Candidate Kennedy last September to discuss the possibility of his writing on the subject in our annual year-end issue, with particular reference to the importance of sport in American life and the place of physical fitness in the development of the whole man. The candidate agreed that he liked both the forum and the subject. On the eventful day in Hyannisport when his victory had just been conceded, he let the editors know that he was prepared to honor his pre-election commitment.

This, he said, he would do immediately during his postcampaign sojourn in Palm Beach. But his life grew more complicated day by day. The baby Mrs. Kennedy had been expecting arrived a month early, causing the new father to leave Palm Beach for Washington before he could finish his writing task.



KENNEDY MAKES NOTES FOR SI

Thus, the President-elect, having finished a step ahead of his opponent in the presidential race and a step behind in his race with the stork, found himself in a new race to meet a deadline for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers. All the time he was conferring and consulting and personally introducing one by one the newly chosen members of his official family.

Despite all these pressures, Mr. Kennedy got his article in on time. We are enormously grateful to the President-elect for the way in which he honored his commitment to us—and, far more important, to sport. We hope you will agree that his article proposes a program certain to advance the nation's prestige abroad and its strengtb at home.

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TWO-IN-ONE ISSUE

The annual holiday magazine combines the issues of December 26 and January 2 in a single package

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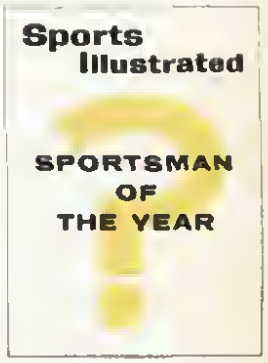


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Next issue

As the new year begins, the spotlight is focused on the sportsman who best exemplifies the greatness of the year just past. Onstage with him are others who strove to fulfill the ancient Greek standards of *arete* and those who are still making news: the pro football champions, the heroes of the bowl games, the Italians and the Australians fighting it out for the Davis Cup. And, summing up all the things that sport stands for, a notable essay by Alexander Eliot on the sculptured athletes of Greece, the men who were revered like gods.



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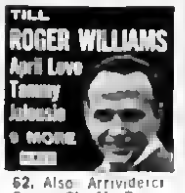
16. Skip to My Lou, On Top of Old Smoky, Oh Susanna, 12 more



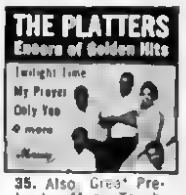
48. "A persuasive, sensuous performance"—Listen



5. "Lighthearted, winning informality" —HiFi Review



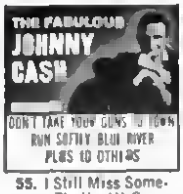
62. Also Arrivederci Roma, Oh, My Pape; Moonlight Love, etc.



35. Also Great Pretender, Magic Touch, Enchanted, etc.



51. "Entremont has a feeling for romantic music"—McCall's



55. I Still Miss Someone, That's All Over, One More Ride, etc.



27. Rain In Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.



40. 12 hymns: Walk Over God's Heaven, Didn't It Rain, etc.



33. . . . the tone is like shimmering silk" — High Fidelity



43. Also That's My Desire, Lucky Old Sun, I Believe, etc.



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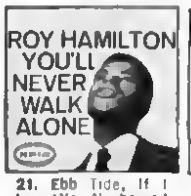
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21. Ebb Tide, If I Loved You, Unchained Melody, 9 others



9. Also Song from Moulin Rouge, Ebb Tide, etc.



54. "Glowing intensity, snap and brilliance"—High Fidelity



8. "Audience was beside itself with pleasure" N.Y. Times



13. "Intriguing repertoire" — Christian Science Monitor



38. Also Penthouse Serenade, Frenesi, Easy to Love, etc.



57. Blue Moon, Fools Rush in, Don't Worry 'bout Me, 9 more



22. "A magical listening experience" —N.Y. Journal-American



23. "Hilarious . . . truly priceless comedy"—L.A. Examiner



45. Walter displays "depth of understanding"—N.Y. Trib.



81. Rodgers & Hammerstein's delightful Broadway musical



63. Solitude, Where or When, Dancing in the Dark, 6 more



12. "A most stirring listening experience"—High Fidelity



29. Also Song of the Islands, On the Beach at Waikiki, etc.



17. "Best performance of this work" —Newsweek



33. Also Jambalaya, You Belong to Me, It is No Secret, etc.



47. Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, 8 others



48. Also Street of Dreams, Black Coffee, You're Mine, etc.



64. "Familiar, charming music, delightful"—Phila. Inquirer



56. Bess, You Is My Woman Now, It Ain't Necessarily So, etc.



32. "Music of singular breadth"— Philadelphia Inquirer



31. Swanee River, Lonesome Road, Basin Street Blues, etc.



36 Melodic scores "Glittering performance" — Billboard



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50. Blue in Green, Flamenco Sketches, All Blues, etc.

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SCORECARD

Events, Discoveries and Opinions

SUTY SPREAD

In 22 of the 25 states which have egalized pari-mutuel betting on norse racing the use of the drug butazolidin is just as illegal as the use of morphine or an electric battery. In Kentucky the authorities simply don't hother to test for it, which means that nobody knows when or how often it is being used. In Illinois a ruling last summer made it perfectly legal to use it. And now the Florida Racing Commission has followed the lead of Illinois. We have stated our critical opinion of what is going on in Kentucky and Illinois (SI, Aug. 1). We deplore the spread of this foolishness to Florida.

Nobody really knows the precise effect of butazolidin on the racing form of a horse. It is a pain-reliever, however, and it therefore can be used to put an ill or sore horse in a race—a horse who otherwise would be recuperating in his stall. An ailing horse *belongs* in his stall, not in the starting gate. For this reason alone, butazolidin should be outlawed for horses who are being prepared to race. Furthermore, everyone in racing knows that a definitive study of butazolidin's effects is now under way. Until the results are in, the drug should be banned completely. No ruling on drugs is worth talking about unless it applies to every horse in every racing state.

FINE FOR WHITE

In addition to the estimated $40,000 it cost Sugar Ray Robinson to transport and care for his masseur, his voice coach, his manicurist, his golf teacher, his golf companion, his secretary and assorted hangers-on for the recent Robinson-Fullmer fight in Los Angeles, another item of expense has turned up. Robinson did not bring along a set of black boxing trunks, which the California Athletic Commission specified he should wear, since Fullmer was going to wear white trunks. Sugar wore white, and the commission fined him $50. "He made California look like a jackass," said Commissioner Dan Kilroy, who must think the decision in the fight (SI, Dec. 12) made California look good.

THE PROBE

New York City street scene after last week's blizzard:

A man clambers back and forth atop a huge pile of snow on Madison



Avenue. Periodically he sticks a long pole into the snow, then pulls it out with a look of disgust.

"What are you doing?" asks a curious bystander.

Says the prober: "I am trying to find my Lambretta."

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Minnesota's Murray Warmath, coach of the nation's No. 1 football team, may lose his job anyway. Retired banker Richard Griggs, who three years ago tried to persuade his fellow members of the Board of Regents to buy up Warmath's contract, said last week: "I still haven't changed my mind about Warmath's coaching." Former All-America Clayton Tonnemaker, now president of the Minnesota Graduate M Club, adds: "I have a great deal of admiration for Murray. But Minnesota deserves as good a coach as it can get and there are a lot better ones available."

• Prime target of collegiate recruiters today is Fred Mazurek, a 190-pound quarterback from Redstone Township High School in Pennsylvania. Mazurek, who has made all-everything in football and is a baseball-basketball star as well, is also an A student.

• The Big Ten will retire Tug Wilson at age 65 next March, and will name his assistant, Bill Reed, its new commissioner. Wilson wants to stay on but Reed wants the job, and the struggle is breaking up their long-time friendship.

• Cleveland General Manager Frank Lane would like to peddle troublesome Jimmy Piersall, who, he insists, would hurt the club even if he hit .350. But nobody wants Piersall—except the Cleveland fans. "They love the guy," says Lane. "If you think they hung me for trading Colavito, wait'll you see the reaction to Piersall."

• Marquette's withdrawal from football and track has caused repercussions in another Jesuit school, the University of Detroit. Last season's seven won, two lost football record was Detroit's best in 20 years, but the school may drop the sport.

• The 12-team National Bowling League, scheduled to begin play in the fall of '61, has just about sealed a lucrative "game of the week" TV contract, probably with ABC.

• Michigan State moved up to challenge Michigan in the mid-'40s and now Southern Illinois is trying the same ploy against the University of Illinois. The Carbondale school already has recruited a strong nucleus of track men as transfer students and has excellent prospects in swimming and tennis.

• National Hockey League insiders attribute the Chicago Black Hawks' miserable road record (2-9-3) to player dissatisfaction. Basic gripe is with Coach Rudy Pilous' system of noon-time practice on the day of a road game.

RUN, RABBIT

After a shaky start, the sixth annual "Bunny Bop" was held in Harmony, N.C. the other day. The Bunny Bop is sponsored by the North Iredell American Legion Post, and it is a consummately simple affair. A mess of hunters go into the woods with a mess of beagles and flush out a mess of rabbits. But instead of peppering

continued

BEFORE



AFTER



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the bunnies with buckshot, the hunters clobber 'em with sticks and stones and bare hands.

The shaky start this year was caused by Mr. Rutherford T. Phillips of Denver, the executive director of the American Humane Association. He observed in a wire to the Legion post that "beating living creatures to death is contrary to American ideals of decency and fair play." But the boys from North Iredell can match Rutherford T. Phillips both in rhetoric and in the euphoniousness of his names. The Legion's J. Pierce Van Joy answered: "We argue that this way of killing rabbits is more humane than filling their hind ends full of hot lead. When one of these rabbits meets a North Iredell Legionnaire with a club, he meets instant death." Anyway, said Mr. Van Joy, the bunnies wind up in a public barbecue for the benefit of a bunch of underprivileged children.

J. Pierce Van Joy and 150 of his fellow nimrods then took to the fields last Saturday and sticked and stoned 38 rabbits to death. About all anybody proved was that there aren't many rabbits around Harmony. We hope there are as few underprivileged children.

CAPPED COMMERCIAL

San Francisco 49er fans have found a new villain. He's the man who stands along the sidelines wearing earphones and a red cap. When he takes off the cap, spectators know the TV commercial is on, and will remain on until the cap goes back on the head. As soon as the man goes into his act, 49er fans check their watches. Precisely one minute later, if the hat is still off, the booing begins.

REALLY ON THE ROCKS

The Mixed Drink of the Year is feloniously compounded of crème de banana, triple sec, bourbon and whipped cream. This was decided at the annual drink-mixing competition, sponsored by Early Times and held in Las Vegas recently. It was attended by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Associate Editor James Murray, who reported:

"The winning drink is called The Melody and is the creation of a Hollywood barkeep named John W. Chop, who works at the Melody Room (surprise, surprise) on Sunset Blvd. The Melody (the drink, not the bar) is a test of liver and digestion that might faze a Diamond Jim Brady.

"Nevertheless, it is almost the only drink in the contest that any of the judges could finish. Most of the entries were bilious green and red concoctions that tasted like after-shave lotions in simple syrup. One drink, for example, mixed a shot of bourbon, one ounce of honey, lemon juice and a half-ounce of heavy cream.

"Two bold bartenders entered a drink whose base was Scotch. Lovers of Scotch all over the world will shudder to learn that the other ingredients in the drink were an Italian liqueur and a ghastly treacle called crème de mandarines.

"Grenadine bottles and Waring Blendors and pineapple squares and cherries and mint sprigs and syrups were all over the place. A man with diabetes could not even afford to walk through the room. The judges consisted of a few holidaying newspapermen and Las Vegas innkeepers and restaurateurs. There were 40 judges in all, and they had to sip 27 drinks, the finalists in an original entry list of 5,000. Toward the end the judges began to look pretty sick. They would sip a drink and then run outside for a Listerine rinse or a bourbon and soda (this *may* be why Early Times sponsors the contest).

"The judges had been abjured to abstain from drinking for 45 minutes before the contest, but most of us—most of them—couldn't go on the wagon that long. When the M.C. asked the judges to be seated before the event began, one of them shouted, 'We can't. We're too drunk.' He was lucky—he couldn't taste the awful puddings and soups that were entered as great drinks.

"Incidentally, if you're ever in the Melody Room on Sunset Blvd. and you see the barkeep with a Blendor in one hand and a bottle of banana oil in the other—order a Martini quickly. Very dry with a twist of lemon, and hold the banana please. Tell him when you want an ice cream soda, you'll ask for it."

CHEEKY

In the peculiar world of the ice hockey player, injuries are treated as minor

continued

FACES IN THE CROWD



EDDIE FORD JR., 7-year-old son of Yankee Pitcher Whitey Skating for Flushing Meadow (N.Y.) SC, flashed off the mark as three rivals fell finished well in front to win Cub division of 37th annual Silver Skates ice event, at Madison Square Garden.



JOHNNY LOFTUS, top jockey from 1908 to 1919, was selected as 16th member of Pimlico's National Jockeys Hall of Fame. Loftus one of three men who rode Man o' War, was first to win Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont on one horse (Sir Barton, in 1919).



KATHY CHABOT, petite high school senior from San Diego unseeded in tournament and ranked 16 in nation, won first major title by beating top-seeded, sixth-ranked Karen Hantze 4-6, 7-5, 7-5 in national hardcourts, at La Jolla, Calif.



FLOYD HARRIS, one-time wrestler at U. of Minnesota and now a student at St. Cloud State, raced in variety of outboard classes across nation, piled up 38,930 points to win James Mulroy trophy as National Outboard Assn.'s professional driver of year.



ERNIE KOY JR., 204-pound bullish halfback for Bellville (Texas) H.S. and son of former National League outfielder, scored 170 points, gained 2,306 yards on 232 carries, punted for 41-yard average, was named the state's most valuable high school player.



KENNETH BAILY, 49-year-old civil servant of Bournemouth, England who has been running for record since age of 8, logged mile No. 124,511 (five times around equator) in his notebook, said cautiously, "I don't expect anybody will do it again in my lifetime."



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"Looks kind of low to the ground. Got enough room for your legs?"

"Sit in it. See how you can stretch your legs way out. And did you ever feel anything cradle your back like that contoured bucket seat?"

"Um-m. Not bad at all. But to tell the truth, I just don't have the money for an English-built car like this."

"I've got news for you. This car cost me less* than any "low-price-three" convertible I priced."

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nuisances. Witness Allan Stanley. The Toronto Maple Leafs' defenseman took a skate blade through the cheek during a game with Montreal. He was hurried to the dressing room, where a doctor—prodded by Stanley's grunts of annoyance at being off the ice—took 25 stitches, most of them inside the mouth. Back to the fray rushed Stanley, in time to play five minutes of the second period. Then he played his regular shifts in the last period. After the game doctors had another look at the cheek. Turned out the jaw was broken, and Stanley, still complaining, was taken to a hospital for a wiring job. After four days off he was back in the lineup.

BUCS ON WAX

There were 56 World Series winners before this year, but don't tell the Pirates. They still think they're the first. The latest clue to a Pittsburgher's view of the world comes in a long-playing record called *The Impossible Pirates: Sixty Incredible Years of Baseball*. It sells for $3.95.

On the record, Sportswriter Chet Smith recounts high points of the club's history and Sportscaster Bob Prince contributes some mangled metaphors ("darkness, rain and tension by the ton at Forbes Field"). Prince gets a bit emotional about the 1960 team, whose relatively effortless pennant victory he calls "utterly impossible" and "too fantastic."

There are high points: Joe E. Brown's batting instructions to "Ralphie" Kiner, Honus Wagner's comments on modern baseball and Branch Rickey's insights into talent hunting. If you flinch at the thought of hearing "Beat 'em Bucs" even once more, rest easy. The only "Beat 'em Bucs" comes in an *a cappella* duet by Prince and Brown. Anyway, the theme song is a bouncy ball-park version of *With a Little Bit of Luck*, which is a welcome bit of understatement.

BUTTON THY LIP

Leo Durocher, the unemployed baseball manager, told Mel Durslag of the *Los Angeles Examiner* the other day that major league baseball owners were "blackballing" him and thus preventing him from earning a livelihood.

"To start with," said Leo, "perhaps I am too controversial. I have never weighed my words. I always say what's on my mind. Maybe sometimes this isn't too good."

After Leo's statement appeared, the noncontroversial men who run baseball denied it all. The Giants, the Yankees, the L.A. Angels and other clubs that have recently hired new managers all had plausible excuses for bypassing Durocher. Admittedly, Durocher has not made himself an overly attractive prospect to many baseball owners. Until recently he has demanded stock as well as money from any club interested in his genius. Now he says he just wants in.

We do not take it upon ourselves to tell baseball teams whom they should hire as managers, but there is an obvious trend toward faceless men and we deplore it. Baseball apparently no longer wants the Durochers but dreams of a group of managers made of plastic, all dressed in tweed overcoats, snap-brim hats, cordovan shoes, pinch-collars and rep ties, who stride briskly through the season swinging tan attaché cases on which is printed in gold, THOU SHALT NOT BE CONTROVERSIAL.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

• During Utah's 101-55 drubbing of Texas Christian, the basketball bounced over a fence at one end of the court and rolled behind the bleachers. "I hope," said TCU Coach Buster Brannon, "they don't find it."

• Coach Frank Broyles of Arkansas gives his quarterbacks a weekly warning: "I tell them that when they face a third down and seven situation they should never look toward the bench for me to call the next play. I remind them that they have four-year scholarships, while I have only a short-term contract."

• Before the basketball season began, Coach J. W. Russell of Tennessee's Dyer High School was glum. If both his boys' and girls' teams won 10 straight, he vowed, he'd go right out and dye his hair the school colors. Coach Russell now sports robin's-egg-blue hair with a white stripe down the center.

• Although Florida's Ray Graves was chosen Southeastern Conference football coach of the year, his prospects for a raise are dim. Graves makes $17,000 a year, just $500 less than School President J. Wayne Reitz. **END**

COMING EVENTS

December 24 to January 3
All times are E S T

★ Color television ● Television ■ Network radio

Saturday, December 24

BASKETBALL (pro)
● Detroit at Boston, 2 p m (NBC)

Sunday, December 25

BASKETBALL (pro)
Detroit at Cincinnati
New York at Syracuse

Monday, December 26

BASKETBALL (college)
Big Eight Conference tournament, Kansas City, Mo (through December 29).
(pro)
Cincinnati at Detroit
Los Angeles at New York,
Philadelphia at Boston
Syracuse at St Louis

FOOTBALL (college)
■ North South game, Miami, 8 p m (Mutual

RODEO
National Finals, $57,500, Dallas (through Jan 1

TENNIS
Davis Cup Challenge Round, Australia vs Italy, Sydney, Australia (through Dec 28).

Tuesday, December 27

BASKETBALL (college)
All-College tournament, Oklahoma City (through Dec 30)
● ECAC Holiday Festival, New York (through Dec 31, ABC, 10 p m, Dec 31)

Wednesday, December 28

BASKETBALL (college)
Los Angeles Tourney, Los Angeles (through Dec 30
(pro)
Boston at St Louis
Cincinnati vs New York, Syracuse vs Los Angeles at Syracuse

Thursday, December 29

BASKETBALL (college)
Dixie Classic, Raleigh, N C (through Dec 31
Sugar Bowl, New Orleans (also Dec 30).
(pro)
Los Angeles vs New York, Philadelphia vs Cincinnati at Philadelphia
St Louis at Detroit

Friday, December 30

BASKETBALL (pro)
Boston at New York
Cincinnati vs Philadelphia at Hershey, Pa
Syracuse vs Detroit, St Louis vs Los Angeles at St Louis

Saturday, December 31

FOOTBALL (college)
● Blue-Gray game Montgomery, Ala, 1 45 p m
■ NBC
● East-West Shrine game, San Francisco, 4:45 p m NBC
■ Gator Bowl, Baylor vs Florida, Jacksonville, 2 p m (CBS)
Sun Bowl, Utah State vs New Mexico State, El Paso

Sunday, January 1

BASKETBALL (pro)
Boston at Syracuse
Los Angeles at Detroit
St Louis at Cincinnati

FOOTBALL (pro)
● All League championship game, Houston vs Los Angeles, Houston, 1 30 p m (ABC)

Monday, January 2

BASKETBALL (pro)
Cincinnati vs Syracuse at Utica, N Y
Los Angeles vs Detroit, Philadelphia vs New York at Philadelphia

FOOTBALL (college)
● Rose Bowl, Washington vs Minnesota, Pasadena, Calif, 4 45 p m NBC
■ Orange Bowl, Missouri vs Navy, Miami, 12:45 p m (CBS)
★ Sugar Bowl, Rice vs Mississippi, New Orleans, 1 45 p m (NBC)
● Cotton Bowl, Arkansas vs Duke, Dallas, 1 30 p m (CBS

Tuesday, January 3

BASKETBALL (pro)
Boston at Los Angeles
Detroit vs Philadelphia, New York vs Syracuse at New York



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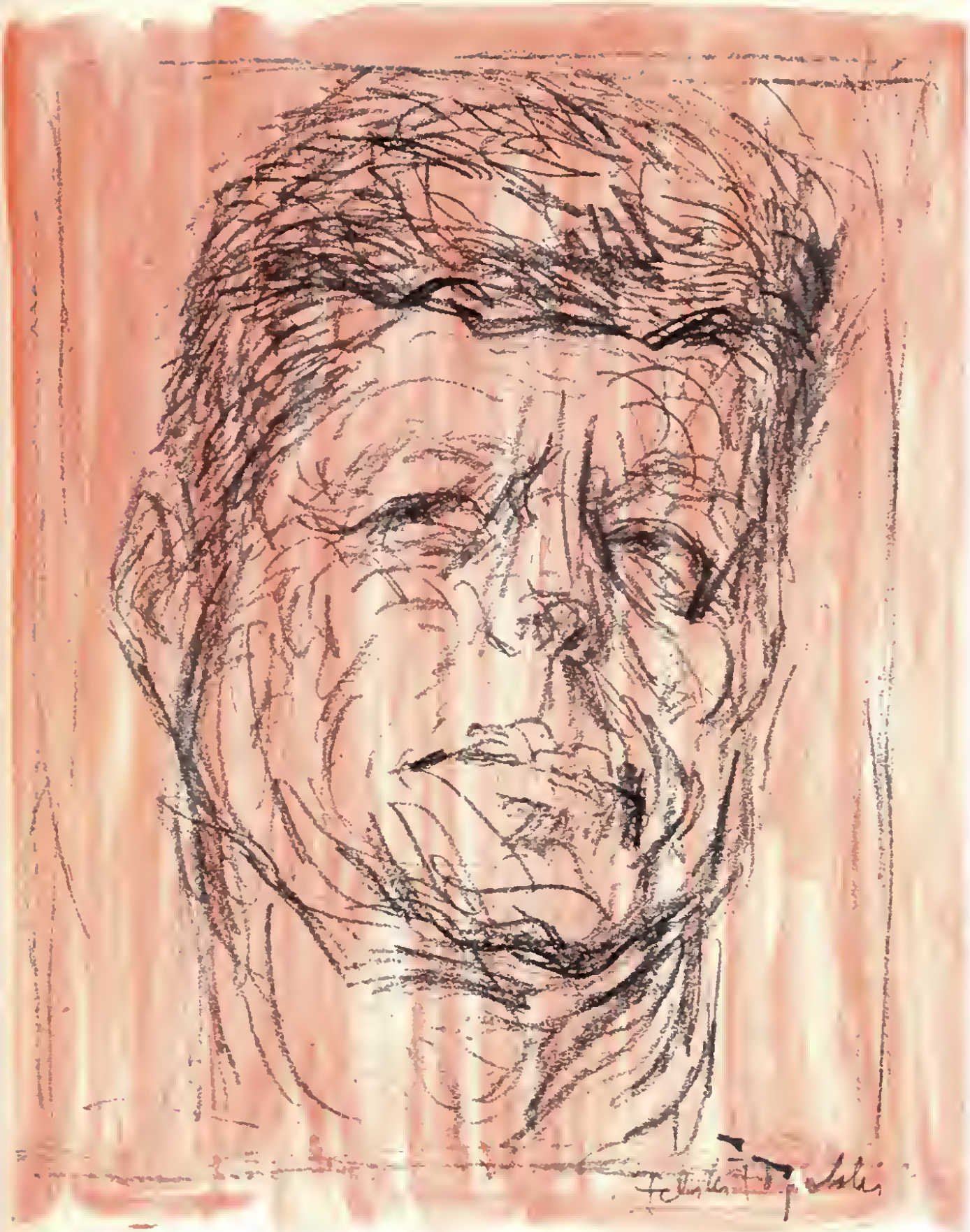
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Waalay B. Hadden, Mgr.



Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 26, 1960

SPORT ON THE NEW FRONTIER

THE SOFT AMERICAN

by PRESIDENT-ELECT JOHN F. KENNEDY

BEGINNING more than 2,500 years ago, from all quarters of the Greek world men thronged every four years to the sacred grove of Olympia, under the shadow of Mount Cronus, to compete in the most famous athletic contests of history—the Olympian games.

During the contest a sacred truce was observed among all the states of Greece as the best athletes of the Western world competed in boxing and foot races, wrestling and chariot races for the wreath of wild olive which was the prize of victory. When the winners returned to their home cities to lay the Olympian crowns in the chief temples they were greeted as heroes and received rich rewards. For the Greeks prized physical excellence and athletic skills among man's great goals and among the prime foundations of a vigorous state.

Thus the same civilizations which produced some of our highest achievements of philosophy and drama, government and art, also gave us a belief in the importance of physical soundness which has become a part of Western tradition; from the *mens sana in corpore sano* of the Romans to the British belief that the playing fields of Eton brought victory on the battlefields of Europe. This knowledge, the knowledge that the physical well-being of the citizen is an important foundation for the vigor and vitality of all the activities of the nation, is as old as Western civilization itself. But it is a knowledge which today, in America, we are in danger of forgetting.

The first indication of a decline in the physical strength and ability of young Americans became apparent among United States soldiers in the early stages of the Korean War. The second came when figures were released showing that almost one out of every two young Americans was being rejected by Selective Service as mentally, morally or physically unfit. But the most startling demonstra-

continued

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tion of the general physical decline of American youth came when Dr. Hans Kraus and Dr. Sonja Weber revealed the results of 15 years of research centering in the Posture Clinic of New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital—results of physical fitness tests given to 4,264 children in this country and 2,870 children in Austria, Italy and Switzerland.

The findings showed that despite our unparalleled standard of living, despite our good food and our many playgrounds, despite our emphasis on school athletics, American youth lagged far behind Europeans in physical fitness. Six tests for muscular strength and flexibility were given: 57.9% of the American children failed one or more of these tests, while only 8.7% of the European youngsters failed.

A CONSISTENT DECLINE

Especially disheartening were the results of the five strength tests: 35.7% of American children failed one or more of these, while only 1.1% of the Europeans failed, and among Austrian and Swiss youth the rate of failure was as low as .5%.

As a result of the alarming Kraus-Weber findings President Eisenhower created a Council on Youth Fitness at the Cabinet level and appointed a Citizens Advisory Committee on the Fitness of American Youth, composed of prominent citizens interested in fitness. Over the past five years the physical fitness of American youth has been discussed in forums, by committees and in leading publications. A 10-point program for physical fitness has been publicized and promoted. Our schools have been urged to give increased attention to the physical well-being of their students. Yet there has been no noticeable improvement. Physical fitness tests conducted last year in Britain and Japan showed that the youth of those countries were considerably more fit than our own children. And the annual physical fitness tests for freshmen at Yale University show a consistent decline in the prowess of young Americans; 51% of the class of 1951 passed these tests, 43% of the class of 1956 passed, and only 38%, a little more than a third, of the class of 1960 succeeded in passing the not overly rigorous examination.

Of course, physical tests are not infallible. They can distort the true health picture. There are undoubtedly many American youths and adults whose physical fitness matches and exceeds the best of other lands.

But the harsh fact of the matter is that there is also an increasingly large number of young Americans who are neglecting their bodies—whose physical fitness is not what it should be—who are getting soft. And such softness on the part of individual citizens can help to strip and destroy the vitality of a nation.

For the physical vigor of our citizens is one of America's most precious resources. If we waste and neglect this resource, if we allow it to dwindle and grow soft then we will destroy much of our ability to meet the great and vital challenges which confront our people. We will be unable to realize our full potential as a nation.

Throughout our history we have been challenged to armed conflict by nations which sought to destroy our independence or threatened our freedom. The young men of America have risen to those occasions, giving themselves freely to the rigors and hardships of warfare. But the stamina and strength which the defense of liberty requires are not the product of a few weeks' basic training or a month's conditioning. These only come from bodies which have been conditioned by a lifetime of participation in sports and interest in physical activity. Our struggles against aggressors throughout our history have been won on the playgrounds and corner lots and fields of America.

Thus, in a very real and immediate sense, our growing softness, our increasing lack of physical fitness, is a menace to our security.

However, we do not, like the ancient Spartans, wish to train the bodies of our youths merely to make them more effective warriors. It is our profound hope and expectation that Americans will never again have to expend their strength in armed conflict.

But physical fitness is as vital to the activities of peace as to those of war, especially when our success in those activities may well determine the future of freedom in the years to come. We face in the Soviet Union a powerful and implacable adversary determined to show the world that only the Communist system possesses the vigor and determination necessary to satisfy awakening aspirations for progress and the elimination of poverty and want. To meet the challenge of this enemy will require determination and will and effort on the part of all Americans. Only if our citizens are physically fit will they be fully capable of such an effort.

FOR PHYSICAL FITNESS is not only one of the most important keys to a healthy body; it is the basis of dynamic and creative intellectual activity. The relationship between the soundness of the body and the activities of the mind is subtle and complex. Much is not yet understood. But we do know what the Greeks knew: that intelligence and skill can only function at the peak of their capacity when the body is healthy and strong; that hardy spirits and tough minds usually inhabit sound bodies.

In this sense, physical fitness is the basis of all the activities of our society. And if our bodies grow soft and inactive, if we fail to encourage physical development and prowess, we will undermine our capacity for thought, for work and for the use of those skills vital to an expanding and complex America.

Thus the physical fitness of our citizens is a vital prerequisite to America's realization of its full potential as a nation, and to the opportunity of each individual citizen to make full and fruitful use of his capacities.

It is ironic that at a time when the magnitude of our dangers makes the physical fitness of our citizens a matter of increasing importance, it takes greater effort and determination than ever before to build the strength of our bodies. The age of leisure and abundance can destroy vigor and muscle tone as effortlessly as it can gain time. Today human activity, the labor of the human body, is rapidly being engineered out of working life. By the 1970s, according to many economists, the man who works with his hands will be almost extinct.

Many of the routine physical activities which earlier Americans took for granted are no longer part of our daily life. A single look at the packed parking lot of the average high school will tell us what has happened to the traditional hike to school that helped to build young bodies. The television set, the movies and the myriad conveniences and distractions of modern life all lure our young people away from the strenuous physical activity that is the basis of fitness in youth and in later life.

NOW IT IS TIME

Of course, modern advances and increasing leisure can add greatly to the comfort and enjoyment of life. But they must not be confused with indolence, with, in the words of Theodore Roosevelt, "slothful ease," with an increasing deterioration of our physical strength. For the strength of our youth and the fitness of our adults are among our most important assets, and this growing decline is a matter of urgent concern to thoughtful Americans.

This is a national problem, and requires national action. President Eisenhower helped show the way through his own interest and by calling national attention to our deteriorating standards of physical fitness. Now it is time for the United States to move forward with a national program to improve the fitness of all Americans.

FIRST: We must establish a White House Committee on Health and Fitness to formulate and carry out a program to improve the physical condition of the nation. This committee will include the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and the Secretary of the Interior. The executive order creating the committee will clearly state its purpose, and coordinate its activities with the many federal programs which bear a direct relation to the problem of physical fitness.

SECOND: The physical fitness of our youth should be made the direct responsibility of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. This department should conduct—through its Office of Education and the National Institutes of Health—research into the development of a physical fitness program for the nation's public schools. The results of this research shall be made freely available to all who are interested. In addition, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare should use all its existing facilities to attack the lack of youth fitness as a major health problem.

THIRD: The governor of each state will be invited to attend an annual National Youth Fitness Congress. This congress will examine the progress which has been made in physical fitness during the preceding year, exchange suggestions for improving existing programs and provide an opportunity to encourage the states to implement the physical fitness program drawn up by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Our states are anxious to participate in such programs, to make sure that their youth have the opportunity for full development of their bodies as well as their minds.

FOURTH: The President and all departments of government must make it clearly understood that the promotion of sports participation and physical fitness is a basic and continuing policy of the United States. By providing such leadership, by keeping physical fitness in the forefront of the nation's concerns, the federal government can make a substantial contribution toward improving the health and vigor of our citizens.

But no matter how vigorous the leadership of government, we can fully restore the physical soundness of our nation only if every American is willing to assume responsibility for his own fitness and the fitness of his children. We do not live in a regimented society where men are forced to live their lives in the interest of the state. We are, all of us, as free to direct the activities of our bodies as we are to pursue the objects of our thought. But if we are to retain this freedom, for ourselves and for generations yet to come, then we must also be willing to work for the physical toughness on which the courage and intelligence and skill of man so largely depend.

All of us must consider our own responsibilities for the physical vigor of our children and of the young men and women of our community. We do not want our children to become a generation of spectators. Rather, we want each of them to be a participant in the vigorous life. **AND**

For Kennedy in action see next six pages

Jack Kennedy practices the fitness that he preaches

WITH THE CAMPAIGN ENDED, John F. Kennedy and his family traveled to his vacation home at Hyannisport, Mass. on the shore of Cape Cod to await the decision of the electorate. The morning after the election he walked the November beach for a while, drawing in lungfuls of North Atlantic air, as telegrams of congratulations arrived from around the world.

The Cape Cod country, with its sparkling sailing water, has been a second home to Kennedy most of his life. Before the fall campaign Kennedy visited Hyannisport to rest, sail and renew himself. To Photographer David Drew Zingg, whose pictures appear on the following pages, he confided what sand and sea mean to him, admitted that one of his unfulfilled ambitions is to sail (and win) a Newport-Bermuda ocean race. Reminded that many a Newport-Bermuda craft would welcome him aboard, Kennedy reflected a moment on the duties of the presidential office, then said with a grin: "If I lose I can go."



Walking his Hyannisport beach, Kennedy told the photographer: "I played here as a boy and relax here as a man."





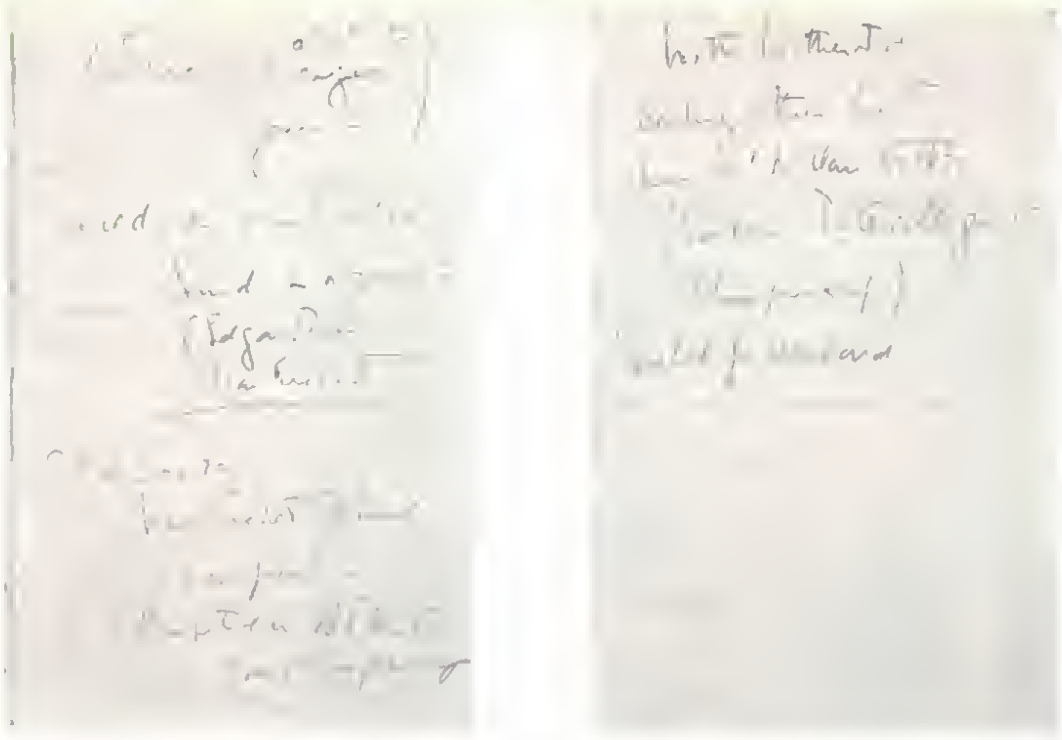
John F. Kennedy single-hands his 25-foot centerboard sloop Victura *around the bay at Hyannisport.*



The name Victura *was selected years ago and means, in prophetic Latin, "about to conquer."*



Kennedy, in cabin of family power cruiser Marlin, *jots some reference notes before taking over the wheel.*



The President-elect's handwritten jottings on his sailing history

Salt-water notes for a sportsman's biography

I'll write it down for you," said Jack Kennedy, when asked at Hyannisport about his salt-water sailing experience. Seated in his family's power cruiser (*opposite page*) he quickly jotted down the collector's-item holograph reproduced above. Beginning with a notation on the 31-year-old centerboard sloop *Victura*, in which he learned to sail and thereafter campaigned Nantucket Sound for years, the notes read:

Victura (about to
conquer)
31 years

•

raced on Nantucket
Sound 20 years

•

(Edgartown
Nantucket

•

Star boats
Nantucket Sound
Champion
Competed in Atlantic
Coast Championship
With brother Joe
sailing other boat
won McMillan Trophy
(Eastern Intercollegiate
Championship)
Sailed for Harvard.

•

As the record shows, the President-elect is not only an enthusiastic helmsman but a successful one. Like the other members of his large, vigorous and fiercely competitive family, he is a savage contestant, at 43, whether sailing, swimming, skin-diving, golfing or playing touch football. All the Kennedys have an intense interest in sports, and wherever the family has lived—from Boston to London, from Palm Beach to Hyannisport—its always rough, usually noisy contests have impressed and awed neighbors. As a minor, if provocative, footnote to history, Jacqueline Kennedy will be the first First Lady who ever broke an ankle playing football. It happened during a Kennedy clan game of touch football at Hyannisport.

Kennedy is a powerful swimmer and was a member of the swimming team at Harvard. If it had not been for his skill as a swimmer and for a hardiness of body and toughness of spirit developed through rough-and-tumble games, he probably would not be alive today. His gallant role in rescuing crewmen after his PT boat was splintered by a ramming Japanese destroyer in the Solomons is one of the fine stories of courage in World War II.

Though injured himself, he led the roundup of others in the water. He made land after swimming for five hours—towing a crewmate behind him. END

FOUR WHO MADE THE NEWS



Italy's amiable giant Orlando Sirola upset expert predictions in Davis Cup tennis. *Page 26.*

Green Bay's Bart Starr (15) led the Packers to Western title with a win over Rams. *Page 27.*



LAST WEEK

Italy prepared to meet Australia for the Davis Cup, boxing's hidden ruler took the Fifth, Green Bay took the West and dead aim on the Eagles, an All-America basketball candidate turned up at Virginia Tech







Frank Carbo refused to testify, but a move was on to curb his sinister grip on boxing. *Page 28.*



VPI's Chris Smith (50) showed All-America caliber in Tech's gamea in Birmingham. *Page 30.*

THE CHALLENGING ITALIANS

The year of the Roman Olympics was one of unexpected triumph for many Italian athletes, and the most triumphant of all, perhaps, were the two Italian tennis players who managed to knock the mighty U.S. out of the Davis Cup Challenge Round. No one, let alone Italy, had accomplished this feat in 24 years. As the Italian press appropriately said, "the incredible was verified."

Like cigarettes and the masks of drama, these heroes of the tennis court are cast in two distinct shapes. Nicola Pietrangeli, regular size, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and likes to cry. Orlando Sirola, king size, is 6 feet 7 inches and likes to laugh. After he had lost his titanic five-set match to Barry MacKay on the opening day of the Interzone finals, Pietrangeli, the mask of tragedy, stood at the side of the court for several minutes, his head buried in a towel, his body shaking with sobs. Two days later, when Italy had won, he cried again with equal intensity. Roman tennis fans, who feel this tendency toward tears means that Pietrangeli lacks the killer instinct, call him *Maritozzo*, which means something like honey bun in Italian.

Sirola, the gigantic comic mask, laughs at errors and misfortune alike. He eagerly salutes good plays by his opponents, and it is not unusual for him to strike up a gay conversation with spectators while waiting for an opponent to get ready. He will not dispute a linesman's call nor will he participate in court tantrums. He can produce magnificent shots on difficult chances and then muff a simple shot. Debonair Sirola apparently is happy whatever the result.

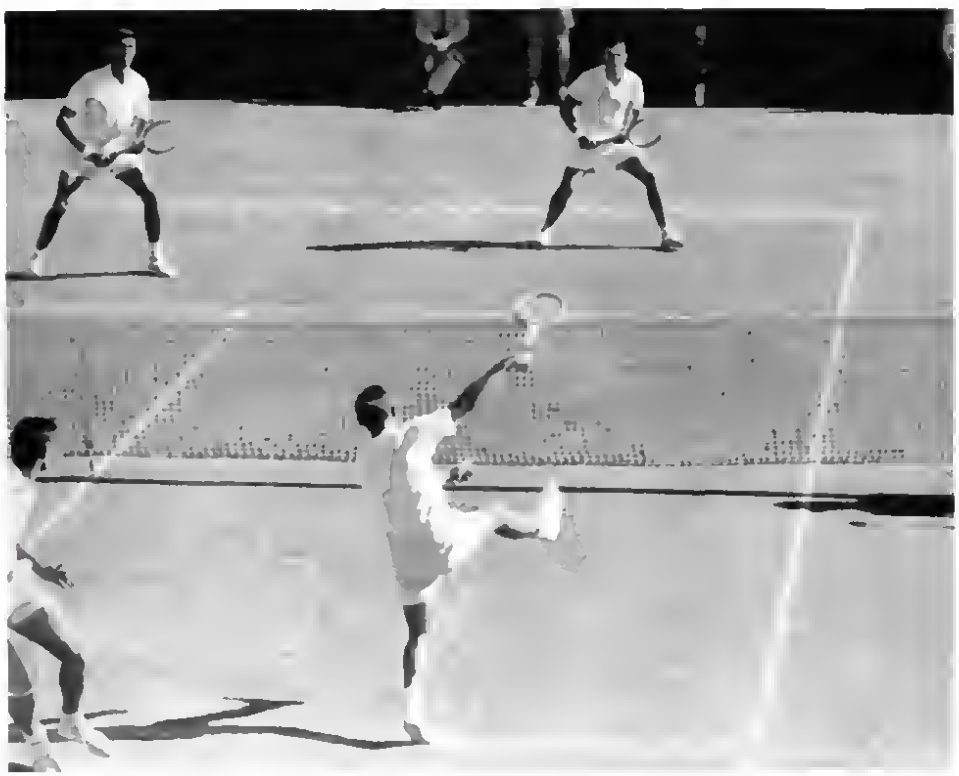
Both men are married. Nicola Pietrangeli's wife is Susanna Artero, one of Rome's top fashion models. Pietrangeli met her by chance one day while walking along the street. Susanna was calling a pet poodle named Nicola, and the dog's namesake decided the chance was too good to miss. He answered the call, offered his assistance, wangled a date and, after a five-year courtship, married the girl.

Sirola married his wife, an English girl, after knowing her only 23 days. This was fast courting by any standards, but even more remarkable since the girl, Corise Phillips, spoke no Italian and he practically no English. Tennis played no part in the romance. Corise Sirola does not like tennis because it keeps Orlando away from home at least half the year. This year, Orlando promised her he would be back from Australia by Christmas, just as soon as he and Nicola had lost to the Americans. After the unexpected victory, Sirola wired his wife in Rome: "Sorry."

Sirola and Pietrangeli reached tennis success from opposite sides of the net. Sirola, the youngest of six children, was born in Fiume in 1928 before it became a part of Yugoslavia. His mother died when he was six; one of his three brothers was tortured to death in the Dachau concentration camp, and his two sisters died of pneumonia and diabetes. When Fiume became Yugoslavian, Orlando, his father and one brother applied for Italian citizenship and landed in a refugee camp with only their clothes, a small radio and $1.60. Orlando got a job as a laborer in a mill and enrolled in business school. Drooling at his height, some Milan scouts tried to coax him into making basketball a career, but Orlando declined. He continued to play the game he had learned as a boy in Fiume, and by 1951 his tennis was good enough for tournament play.

Pietrangeli, 27, was born to tennis. His father, head of a big construction company, was the No. 2 tennis player in Tunisia, and though Nicola wavered between soccer and tennis, eventually his father's preference decided him. In 1946 the family moved from Tunis to Rome, and Nicola was sent to the Chateaubriand School. His tennis was fine but his conduct poor, and so he was expelled. After that, he gave up school to concentrate on tennis, which he played constantly at Rome's Parioli Club. In 1954 he was made a member of the Italian Davis Cup team.

Pietrangeli has an insatiable appetite for clothes, and he buys large quantities he may never wear, but despite such



AMERICANS BUCHHOLZ AND MCKINLEY (FOREGROUND) DROP DOUBLES TO ITALY

butterfly tastes, both he and Sirola work hard at their tennis. Long after most players have retired to the clubhouse, Sirola is out in the sun practicing. Pietrangeli runs miles every day to keep his weight down. Of the two, Pietrangeli is the better player. His is a fluid yet powerful game, based on a deadly backhand. Sirola is slow-moving on the court, but because of his height he has a strong serve and overhead which blend well with Pietrangeli in doubles.

Whether the luck and skill of Italy's latest heroes will continue to hold against Aussies Neale Fraser and Rod Laver in the Davis Cup finals is doubtful. Win or lose, the heroic pair plan to go their separate ways when the matches are over. Pietrangeli will continue with his tennis career, either as an amateur or a Jack Kramer pro. Sirola will go home and stay there, playing tennis only occasionally. This may disappoint some people in Italy, but not the one Sirola cares for most.

"When Orlando comes home," says his wife Corise, "I will give him one kiss for his victory and another kiss for not leaving me alone so long after this."

—WALTER BINGHAM

THE CONQUERING PACKERS

The Green Bay Packers, a sound football team with the smartest (scholastically speaking) quarterback in the business, finally won the Western Conference NFL championship last week. They managed this by defeating the Los Angeles Rams, a team which was far from sound. Eight Rams of varying ability had been wounded severely the week before against the Baltimore Colts and had to miss all or part of Saturday's game. Bart Starr, the Phi Beta Kappa from Alabama who plays quarterback for Green Bay, picked away at the consequent soft spots in the Ram defenses and wound up with a 35–21 win, which, while decisive, was not distinguished.

This was the first division title for Green Bay in 16 years, but the team accepted its championship with a curious lack of emotion. The Rams had almost completely stifled the very strong Green Bay running attack, and the Ram passing offense had been effective. A proud team, the Packers were not proud of their performance in this game. Too, some of them may have been looking ahead with some foreboding to the championship game in Philadelphia this week against the Philadelphia Eagles.

The kind of pass defense that cost 21 points against the Rams could cost a good deal more against the best passing quarterback in the league, the Eagles' Norman Van Brocklin. The best defense against the Dutchman is ball control—keeping possession of the ball through a steady progression of first downs. The Packer attack against Los Angeles was at times spectacular, but it was not notable for its sustained drives. In the first half, although Green Bay scored four touchdowns, the offensive unit ran only 16 plays against 33 for Los Angeles. The same disproportion against Philadelphia could be fatal.

Starr, who is rapidly developing into one of the very best quarterbacks in the league, revealed a talent, previously undetected, for throwing long passes. One Packer touchdown came on a prodigious heave that traveled 55 yards in the air and settled accurately into the arms of Boyd Dowler on the Ram 40. Dowler, a fine high hurdler in his college days at the University of Colorado, outran the lone Ram defender. The play call itself points up the quick mind of Starr; on the previous play the only really good Ram defensive halfback, Ed Meador, had been shaken up and forced to retire to the sidelines. It was over his substitute that Starr lofted his long pass.

One touchdown came on a blocked

continued

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pass Comp
Packers vs.	35	58	241	9–11
Rams	21	143	279	22–33
Browns vs	48	115	296	19–40
Giants	34	151	274	18–38
Lions vs	36	160	41	8–16
Bears	0	78	65	7–28
Cardinals vs.	38	271	108	8–22
Steelers	7	30	150	10–22
Eagles vs	38	36	372	16–26
Redskins	28	192	191	15–22
49ers vs.	34	152	99	10–24
Colts	10	39	138	12–36

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Philadelphia	10	2	0	.833
Cleveland	8	3	1	.727
New York	6	4	2	.600
St Louis	6	5	1	.545
Pittsburgh	5	6	1	.455
Washington	1	9	2	.100

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Green Bay	8	4	0	.667
Detroit	7	5	0	.583
San Francisco	7	5	0	.583
Baltimore	6	6	0	.500
Chicago	5	6	1	.455
Los Angeles	4	7	1	.364
Dallas	0	11	1	.000

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds Rush	Yds. Pass.	Pass Comp
Raiders vs	48	220	312	19–35
Broncos	10	−5	211	19–42
Texans vs.	24	72	334	18–37
Bills	7	85	187	19–40
Oilers vs	37	113	297	14–33
Patriots	21	10	327	18–44
Chargers vs.	50	200	239	16–30
Titans	43	132	200	12–28

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Houston	10	4	0	.714
New York	7	7	0	.500
Buffalo	5	8	1	.385
Boston	5	9	0	.357

WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Los Angeles	10	4	0	.714
Dallas	8	6	0	.571
Oakland	6	8	0	.429
Denver	4	9	1	.308

punt. "We knew we could block a punt on them," Defensive Coach Phil Bengtson said. "The kids were anxious to do it right away, but we wanted to wait for the right position. Too close to the goal the ball is apt to bounce out of the end zone for a safety. Too far away and it won't reach the end zone."

The Rams finally had to punt from their nine, and the Packer defense, shaking off a negative sign from the coaches, blocked the punt by Joe Marconi, a good but slow kicker. Paul Winslow barely captured the ball before it went out of the end zone, indicating that the coaches had a theoretical point in wanting to wait (15 to 20 yards out would have been just right, they figured).

Now the Packers face a team whose strength matches the only small weakness discernible in the Green Bay armor—pass defense. Such a weakness, of course, is only relative, and obviously the Packer defenders are good players. But whether they will be good enough to stop Van Brocklin's keen, probing aerial game is highly doubtful.

—TEX MAULE

ESTES VS. THE HOODS (CONT.)

At the end of the second phase of Senator Estes Kefauver's continuing ventilation of boxing's dank cellars, two members of state boxing commissions, both of which had tried for years to clean up the sport, told him the states alone cannot do the job. They need federal help.

It appears that the states may get it, though the more brazen crook-coddlers among them won't like it and will surely fight against it in Congress. But Kefauver, as deceptively mild in an Old Sleuth hat as ever he was in a coonskin cap, is personally fond of boxing as a sport and angry about its degradation. He has been shocked by the revelations of an investigative staff led by the meticulous John G. Bonomi and he is determined to do something about them. Bonomi's mass of evidence, and the opinions of expert witnesses, point to a federal solution for boxing's evils—or the abandonment of the sport.

Kefauver's present inclination is toward this form of federal control:

1) A temporary (three-year) federal boxing commission with authority to license all participants in interstate boxing matches. This would include network and, particularly, closed-circuit television promoters. After three years, he thought, the hoodlums might be out and the states might be in a better position to resume control.

2) Criminal penalties for undercover participants in fights.

3) Criminal penalties for attempted bribes.

None of this will miraculously resurrect boxing from its self-dug grave, restore the talent that the IBC-TV-Carbo mob destroyed or make the fights on your TV screen look any better in the next few years. But boxing's soil is so rotten now that some sterilization is needed before it can be fertilized, before the sport can flourish again. The states, competing for fights, have for too long tolerated the hoodlums who know how to fix even a sovereign state. But the Federal Government won't care what state a million-dollar fight is held in or what perquisites are held out to make it available.

In witness of this Commissioners Harry Falk of California and Alfred G. Klein of Pennsylvania, neither of whom desires federal intrusion into matters the states control, testified that the states do not now control boxing's hoodlums. Both made it clear that some commissions are so "hungry" for fight revenues that they ignore hoodlum participation. And the aggressively decent states have, in turn, been boycotted by the racketeers.

Eloquent nontestimony on this score was given by two of the hoodlums, the eminent Frankie Carbo and his aide, Blinky Palermo, who took the Fifth Amendment all the way home. Carbo, no longer his ruddy, portly self but sallow and slim after months in jail as an undercover manager, ended his refusal to testify with a jovial, and insolent, compliment to Senator Kefauver on his reelection. Frankie was in a good mood, detectives said, because he was glad to be out of a Riker's Island jail cell, if only for the day.

Kefauver recommended that Carbo and Palermo be cited for contempt.

The committee also heard Ike Williams, former lightweight champion who was managed by Palermo, tell how he had made a million dollars in the ring and now, penniless, must work for $46 a week. Blinky, he said, deprived him of his share of two fight purses, about $40,000, but he has never tried to collect. Indeed, he paid income taxes on this money he never received. He is a circumspect fellow and clearly to this day has no wish to anger Blinky. Thus, though he told how Blinky brought him offer after offer to throw fights for bribes as big as $100,000, he insisted that Blinky advised him to turn the offers down. It was a fatherly picture but it did seem out of character.

And so with Sonny Liston, the No. 1 heavyweight contender, who testified that he knew no evil in his relations with John Vitale, St. Louis mobster, or with Carbo and Blinky, who, the evidence indicates, are his undercover managers. Liston's manager of record, Pep Barone, went into deep melancholia after being subpoenaed to testify and could not appear because he is in a Pennsylvania hospital undergoing shock treatments.

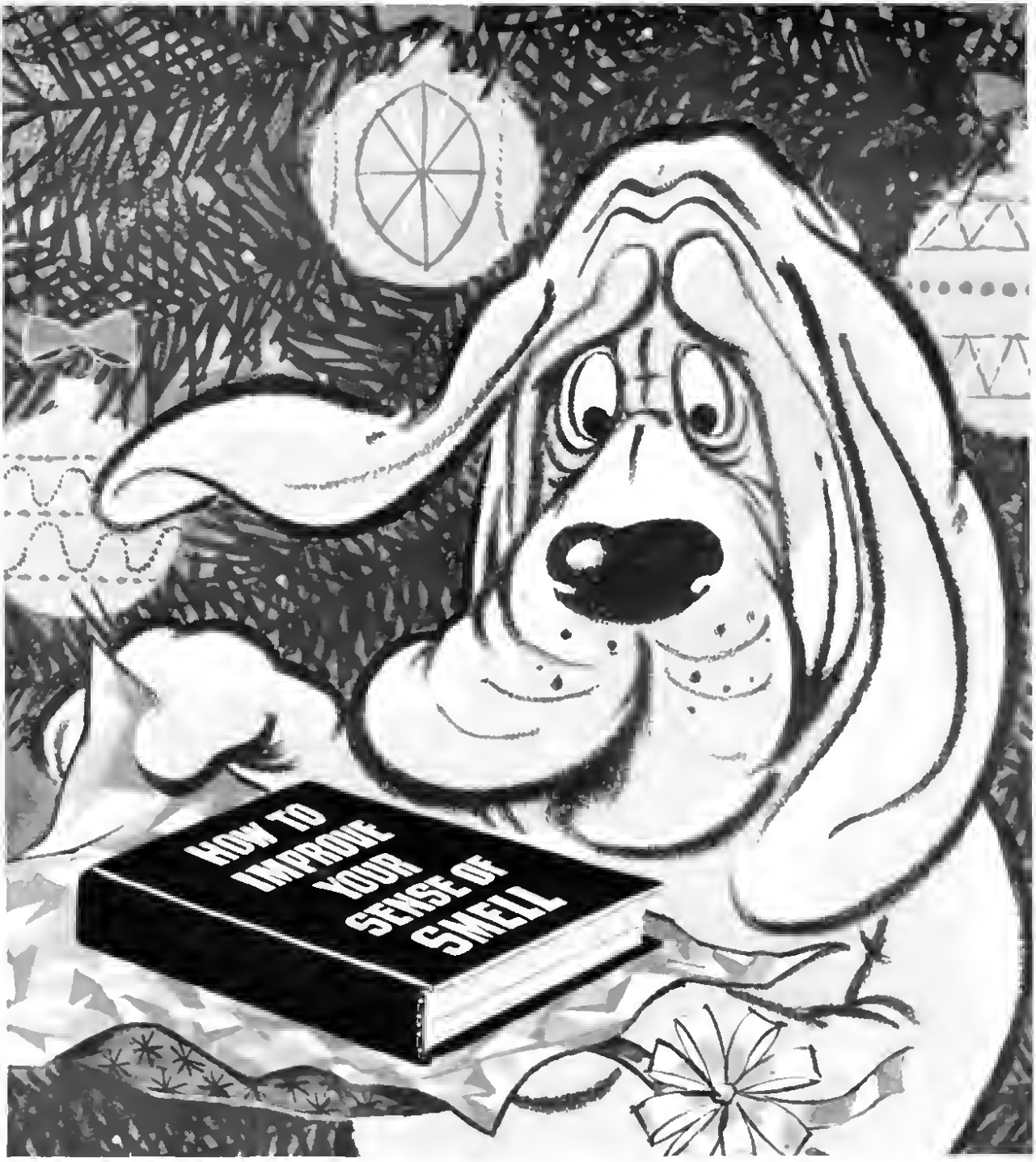
Barone is not the only fight figure who is troubled in his mind after long association with Blinky. Three of Blinky's former fighters—Johnny Bratton, Johnny Saxton and Billy Fox—are in mental institutions, abandoned and penniless. They, too, became melancholic.

And a glum, if not melancholic, man is the once-arrogant Bernie Glickman, who buddied up to Carbo, Palermo and Vitale, came to manage Virgil Akins to the welterweight championship and is now in the process of seeing his once-prosperous $3 million, solely owned awning business through liquidation.

"I have paid a very severe penalty," Glickman told the committee, after not telling it anything helpful, "with my reputation, my business, my family."

—MARTIN KANE

CONTINUED



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BRISTOL-MYERS MAKES IT!

CHUCK NOE VS. THE SOUTH

Chuck Noe broke his leg sliding into home plate 15 years ago in Tucson, Ariz. That finished his career as a promising second baseman in the Boston Red Sox chain and started him on another as a basketball coach. Now 35 years old, Noe is in his sixth season at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He has a wife, four children, a shock of brown hair turning steel gray in spots, a wide, boyish face, and a basketball team that will beat West Virginia for the Southern Conference title, something no one has done for six years.

Tech has become more of a conference threat every winter since 1955 when Noe arrived and converted a team that had lost 20 of 27 games into one that won 14 of 25. "You can always tell when you're making progress," says Noe, his blue eyes sparkling like a new electric scoreboard. "Used to be opponents always welcomed us with open arms and big steaks. Now we get dirty looks. They used to put their arms around me and say, 'How's your wife? How's the kids?' Now they just say the game starts at 8:15. I reckon *that*'s progress." A more concrete gauge of this progress is Noe's record at Tech. He's won 78 of 117 games, mainly on the road. Rivals are loath to schedule games on the Blacksburg campus because of its small gym and violently partisan crowd. As a result, Tech played only six home games last year—and won them all during a 20–6 season. A 10,000-seat field house is now being built at VPI, which means that Noe will no longer have to change the subject when prospective recruits want to see the gym. "When they ask about the gym," he says, "we look surprised and say 'Are you interested in facilities or are you here to get an education?' " Noe's quick smile and "country" humor are useful recruiting assets, but they are by no means his only ones. He is an intelligent, aggressive man who revels in the challenge and excitement of competition. And he has the knack of generating a positive, winning attitude.

Thus, when Tech flew to Alabama last week to play in the Birmingham Classic, no one discussed the possibility that the team might be tired after a week of staying up late to study for final exams or might be handicapped because an injured starter was left at home. And when the flight was four hours late, no one complained about getting to bed at 3 a.m.

Tired and short-handed, Tech lost its first game to Auburn, 76–73. This was hardly a disgrace, since Auburn has essentially the same team that led the Southeastern Conference last year, beating such clubs as Kentucky and Georgia Tech. Furthermore, Noe's boys were way ahead of Auburn in field goals (32 to 20) and in rebounds (46 to 35). They lost because they committed 29 fouls, and it is a good bet that this won't happen again this season to Tech.

Clearly the best performer on the floor was Tech's 6-foot-6 center Chris Smith, who scored 24 points and had 21 rebounds. The next night he led Tech to an 81–54 victory over Baylor and was chosen the Classic's most valuable player. He is a square-jawed, crew-cut, rugged battler whose sheer strength and spring will surely bring him All-America honors this year. In both games he had first-class support from an agile, deadpan shooter named Bob Ayersman and Guard Bucky Keller, who has the lithe, eager muscles of a high jumper. These three are surrounded by a cluster of aggressive sophomores and juniors.

Noe's formula for winning basketball has not changed since the day he began coaching. The key word is "pressure." His guards penetrate quickly, applying instant pressure to opponents. There is little scrimmaging at a Tech practice. One drill after another pits man against man until each has been in a hundred separate battles. "Get it, get it, get it!" Noe shouts, as a guard sprints up and down the court trying to steal the ball from a lone dribbler. "All athletics are games of habit," Noe says. "We try to form good habits here. No drill is over until someone has gained or lost possession."

A valuable fringe benefit is the competitiveness which also becomes habit. "An aggressive defense," Noe says, "suits the instincts of a real competitive boy. Most of all, I never want to hem a boy in. Give him freedom, follow certain basics, and drill him so he's *confident* he can beat his man."

—ARLIE W. SCHARDT



IN CHUCK NOE'S HUDDLE, PLAYERS HEAR A STACCATO RATTLE OF PRECISE INSTRUCTION



The Ballad of Duff Gordon

(the light-hearted sherry)

Oh, they tell of a light-hearted sherry
And its ever-growing fame
With the gay and the bright and the merry
Oh, Duff Gordon is its name
Duff Gordon is its name



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Also available in half bottles

DUFF GORDON PINTA SHERRY ... *the light drink for light occasions*

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For three authentic sherry glasses, shipped prepaid, send $1.50 check or money order to Munson G. Shaw Co., Inc., P. O. Box 1742 Sl Grand Central Station, New York 17.

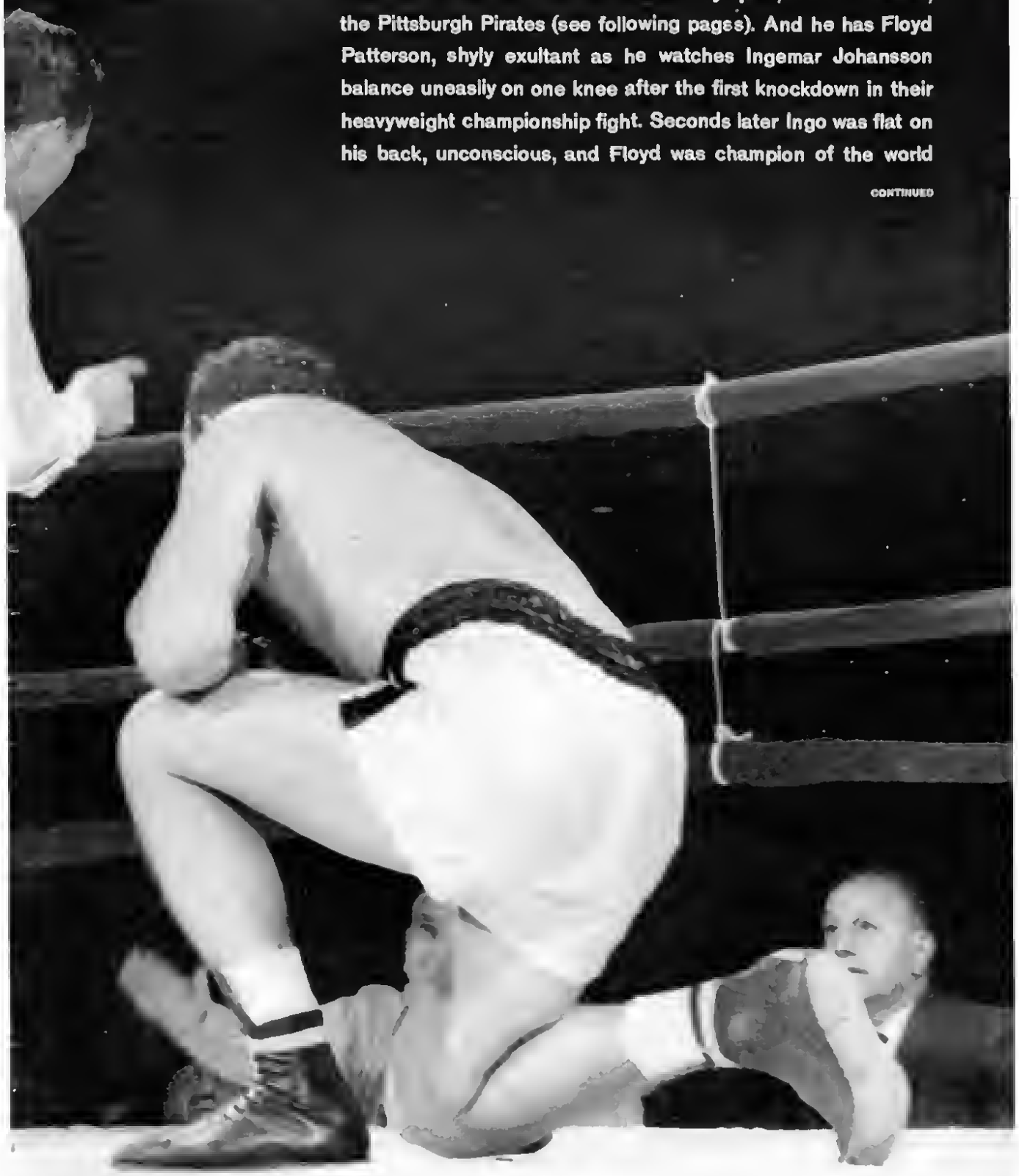
MOMENTS TO REMEMBER:



1960

Much of a man's appreciation of sport is grounded in nostalgia, the indelible memory of this fine athlete, that superb event. From 1960 the connoisseur has the Olympics, Arnold Palmer, the Pittsburgh Pirates (see following pages). And he has Floyd Patterson, shyly exultant as he watches Ingemar Johansson balance uneasily on one knee after the first knockdown in their heavyweight championship fight. Seconds later Ingo was flat on his back, unconscious, and Floyd was champion of the world

CONTINUED





Americans who had never seen a ski race were enthralled as Germany's Heidi Biebl outraced Penny Pitou in ladies' downhill at Winter Olympics.

Arnold Palmer joyously flings his golf visor to the sky after shooting a 65 on the last round to win the U.S. Open. Earlier he won the Masters tourney.

CONTINUED





The moment of the year in baseball came at precisely 3:35 p.m., October 13, when Bill Mazeroski of the Pittsburgh Pirates (hatless and almost lost in the chaos) hit home run that won World Series.

CONTINUED





Their epic decathlon completed, Olympic Champion Rafer Johnson (left) wearily comforts runner-up Chuan Kwang Yang from Nationalist China.

Lithe Wilma Rudolph of the U.S., the glamour girl of the Games, wins the first of her three gold medals (100 meters, 200 meters, 400-meter relay).

CONTINUED


U.S.A.
117
188
133



At the Olympics in Rome the superb Glenn Davis leads welcome one-two-three American sweep as he retains his 400-meter-hurdle championship.

With all Rome serving as a majestic backdrop, a spectacularly beautiful display of night fireworks marks the closing of the 1960 Olympic Games.



The Timeless Hours of Children's Games

The year is old, but a most important part of the human race is appraising new possessions, busily winding up things, or merely staring by the hour through the tiny curtained windows of doll houses. Millions of spinners are spun, gallant little green, yellow and blue race horses are moved so many spaces forward, and cries of dismay rise if the directions say inexorably GO BACK TO START. In the vast, unorganized economy of the world of children, this is the season when new games and toys are being tested, to be incorporated into the natural order of things if they come up to some mysterious, undemanding standard, to be discarded and eternally forgotten if they do not.

In the eight pages of color photographs that follow there is a demonstration that the great work going forward at this season of the year hasn't changed much over the centuries. These are pictures

of toys and games of the past, generally safely preserved in museums, but brought out now from behind glass to be played with again. They are all old (or new adaptations of ancient pastimes), they are all simple and inexpensive (or would be, if they were not valuable antiques) and they all possess some magical quality that led generation after generation of children to play with them, sometimes to knock them down and set them up again, hour after hour, to arrange them and rearrange them, but in any event to hold, fondle, protect, preserve and treasure them.

Any parent who has ever found a rusted toy automobile buried in the grass or a bent sand bucket on the beach knows that objects like these can be among the powerful things in the world. They can summon up in an instant, in colors stronger than life, the whole of childhood at its happiest — the disproportionate affection lavished on some strange possession, the concentrated self-forgetfulness of play, the elusive expressions of surprise or elation that pass so transparently over youthful features. They may have the power that Hawthorne said was given to children — to set the memory ringing and chiming with forgotten sounds, to thrill the heartstrings as if music had passed over them — and they serve as a reminder at this season of the year that the best games of childhood are timeless, and that there seems to be nothing more natural than play.

Photographs by Richard Jeffery

Patience and Control

Beautifully carved wooden jackstraws, now a musaum traasure, once were dalicately separatad by skilled, steady, childish hands



Midwinter Croquet

Whan snow covarad tha lawn, croquet could be played on the carpet, through artfully balanced wickets

For acknowledgments see page 92









Game of Skill

Played with carefully turned ninepins, carpet bowling in the past century required only a ball and lots of floor space

Game of Chance

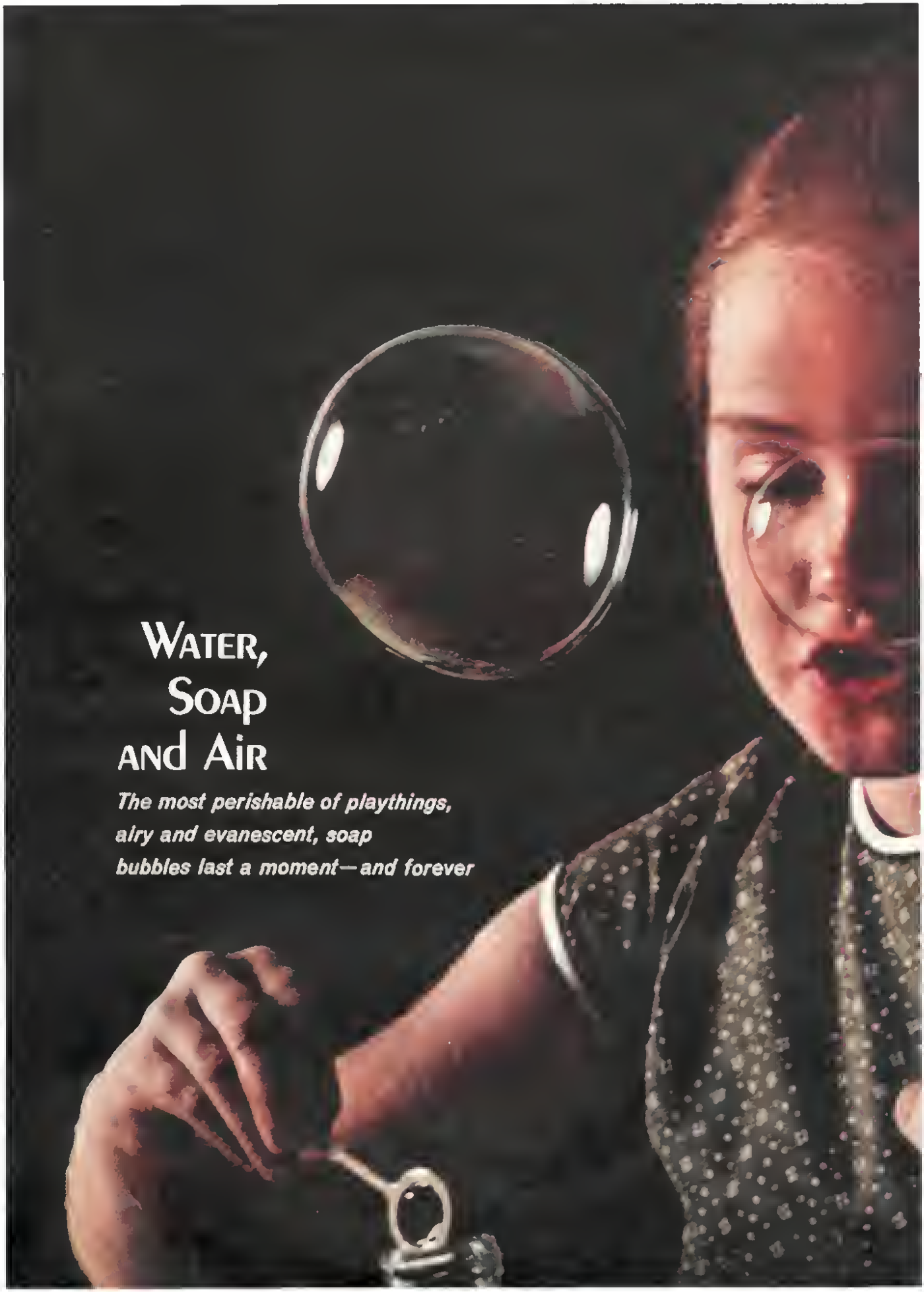
Marbles, rolling around the wooden figure, dropped into different-numbered holes and enthralled generations of juvenile gamblers

House of Cards

Children once built tiny houses with tiny cards; now huge cards are made for big games—and big houses, too







Water, Soap and Air

The most perishable of playthings, airy and evanescent, soap bubbles last a moment—and forever





Mrs. Carol Heiss Jenkins, Olympic and World Amateur figure skating champion. Bowling costume by Mr. Mort and Harper's Bazaar.

MRS. CAROL HEISS JENKINS—our lovely, charming, talented, exuberant Olympic gold-medalist—also cuts a cheerful figure at another new "Magic Triangle" bowling center. There, she finds that bowling is also a winner, for fun and relaxation. When next you see the AMF "Magic Triangle," stop in and see if you don't agree.



© AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY 1960

AND THEN THERE WAS STONE TAG

. . . and BBs in the cabbages, and mayhem in the tree house: these, too, are childhood games, fondly recalled by a mother who still knows what a child's world is

by DOLLY CONNELLY

JADED with the mechanized sports of TV and the automated slaves of daily life, I sought refuge the other day in a neighbor's patio garden and there watched, with eyes that grew wide with remembered delight, a superb performance of that bubble-gum decathlon, follow-the-leader. A whole row of little boys, six of them, I think, entered the house sedately through the back door, walking in step. Their purpose was at once apparent in their intense preoccupation. In turn, each smacked open the refrigerator door, slammed it shut and jumped over the dog's feeding dish. The leader extracted a banana from the newly delivered grocery box. Five other bananas went the same way. Hunched in Marine stalking style, the leader approached the living room, turned a rocking chair upside down and crept over it. He darted through a hall to the bedrooms while I darted frantically from window to window outside, keeping the troop in sight.

Through each bedroom, with that insane look from outer space that children wear when in the throes of a completely satisfying activity, each in turn in his tattered basketball shoes jumped up on each bedspread and down the other side. They swung through a bath, spit on the shower floor, turned on the shower water and emerged onto a cantilevered porch. There each approached the railing and piddled solemnly into the garden below. (You can do *anything* when you're following the leader.) The leader then jumped lightly down into a bed of petunias and set off in a wild leaping dash across the garden, low-hurdling assorted shrubs. At the far end of the garden the whole troop broad-jumped into the woods, and still without a word, still in step, still transported into a kind of seventh heaven of purposeful activity, crashed off into the underbrush.

I felt privileged, like somebody who has accidentally observed the drumming of grouse. There, if ever I've seen it, went inspired leadership. The trouble with adults is that they carry over with them into maturity no understanding of the sport of children. Most adults regard children's games as junior adult sport, rather on

continued



Illustrations by H.B. Harris



CHILDHOOD GAMES *continued*

the order of small-size clothing copied in adult style.

Of course, they are not. I know because I'm something of an expert on that broad school of children's sport, the mayhem school. I was brought up in a family of eight, in the second and final foursome of our parents' brood, and we—John, Frank, Jeanne and I—grew up in southern California in times and in an atmosphere that were wild and free.

I have, for example, a cherished souvenir that is admired to this day. I'll open the door to a timid knock and find a whole row of strange little boys, some from as far away as Happy Valley, standing tongue-tied, staring at me in fascination. As soon as I make certain that they're not selling Boy Scout soap or inquiring into any recent cat accouchements, I start rolling up my right sleeve. I'm not going to *hit* them. I know that all they want is to feel my BB.

I have a lot of prestige with young males on the south side of Bellingham, Washington, where the hard blue lump in the fleshy part of my right upper arm has won for both me and my son Joel a certain status. Not all mothers have bullets in them that you can both see and feel.

When each of my admirers has run a dirty forefinger wonderingly over the blue lump, one will gather sufficient courage to request full detail. That's all I'm waiting for. I give with relish. There isn't anybody under 12 years of age who doesn't understand, and thrill to, this epic account of childhood sport. I got my BB fair and square hiding in the large cardboard carton that formed the walls and roof of the tree house in the upper reaches of the big pepper tree in the backyard of our country home in California.

It must have been a remarkably sterile BB, for beyond initial reddening and swelling of the area, it settled down to trouble-free permanence, isolated and bound just under the skin —a thing of pride.

My brother Frank didn't shoot me because he was mad at me. He shot me because 1) he had a BB gun, and 2) it was the natural way to keep people out of his tree house. It's things like this that adults do not understand. Just the other day a neighborhood mother came mourning into the house, shaken by the horror of a battle raging over her children's tree house located in a trio of firs in the woods. "I just can't understand it," she wept. "I thought they'd use the house as a kind of club, and sit up there and watch the birds or feed squirrels or something. But all they do is fight, fight, fight!"

Just beat them up

Naturally. A tree house isn't a tree house. It's a fort. You build it so you can keep other children out, and when the other children are denied entrance, they tear it down. It's perfectly simple. You then go and tear down *their* tree house. If they lack a tree house on which you can retaliate, well, you just beat them up. Or smash their bicycles. And so on. It's a great game. It can go on for years, until everything has outgrown the tree-house phase. Among other things, it makes for binding friendships. Frank is my favorite brother to this day. I didn't show our parents the BB in my arm, and Frank, in turn, didn't tell on me when I broke his arm.

Frank had targets other than the human. One of the strongest memories I have of our gentle mother is of her fishing BBs out of our breakfast orange juice. They pinged into the juicer out of oranges and grapefruit too fast to catch. If there's anything to lead poisoning, the whole family should have dropped dead a couple of decades ago.

Frank kept out of real trouble with the BB gun—Mother didn't tell on him either—until the time our father set out a row of kraut cabbages. He was immensely proud of them and we all watched them grow to enormous size. Frank, of course, watched them with particular avidity and was soon tempted beyond all reason.

Now when you shoot an orange or a grapefruit or a person, the entry area of the shot is apparent. It gets a kind of sickly, bluish look. But with cabbages it's different. Try it some time. The BB enters through the fluted, leafy exterior without any mark apparent to the naked eye.

On the great day that father set aside for the making of his sauerkraut, everything was brought to readiness. Scrubbed wooden slabs were laid out on the kitchen table. A crock stood by. Special salt was acquired. Knives were sharpened. Children staggered into the house, each peering over the top of an impossibly huge cabbage head, newly severed from its thick stem.

The first cabbage was split down the middle, cracking with the satisfying sound of a ripe watermelon. Immediately, a great cascade of slightly flattened BBs pinged onto the board, the table, the floor, and rolled off under the sink and stove in drunken circles. The inside of the ravaged cabbage was malevolently black with protest. Cabbage after cabbage gave mute testimony to Frank's marksmanship. That was the end, for all time, to both family kraut-making and Frank's gun.

I really should explain now about Frank's broken arm before somebody gets a wrong notion of our sport. He was doing the absolutely forbidden—

cranking the motor of an ancient Ford we had on the place—and I was plunked in the seat with admonitions to retard the spark, or whatever it was you did to Fords a good many years ago. Whatever it was, I didn't, and Frank's arm snapped with a good solid thump. In those days parents rarely pried into the affairs of their young as long as the young turned up for meals. Frank kept the arm concealed for almost two days, until it turned round and shiny and hard and purple, like a ripening plum, and could be concealed no longer.

We had things to do, and sports equipment with which to play. We had a bat and ball, and I remember a lopsided basketball hoop on one of the barn doors. We had bicycles and skates, but there was a strong inclination to misuse this equipment. We liked to skate, but only on the sidewalks of Mr. Ackerman. Far more interesting than the exhilaration of flying along on noisy wheels was the dependable reaction of Mr. Ackerman to our arrival.

He was a retired Brooklyn butcher, the first interloper to intrude into our great, wide, far chunk of brown southern California and build a house. In fact, he built a house just like the one he'd left behind in Brooklyn, with cement sidewalks all around it. We knew how much store he set by the sidewalks—the first we'd seen outside of Pasadena and Los Angeles. Every day he came puffing out with a big push broom and swept the sidewalks all around the house. Then he sat down on the screened porch with a great groan and looked out upon his domain with shrewd, small, slightly bugged china-blue eyes, suspicious and watchful.

We'd start way around in back of the house, and swing around by the porch with a horrible, ear-offending scraping of metal against cement. By then we'd be really sailing. Mr. Ackerman would burst through the screen door, yelling "Dummkopfs! Dummkopfs!" and point in helpless rage at the long skate streaks we left behind us. We ignored him, even when he bounced up and down in convulsive, vein-bursting rage. By the third tour around, he'd be back out of the house again swinging a meat cleaver.

Mr. Ackerman was old and fat and slow. Before he could really get moving in pursuit—his pince-nez always fell off and delayed him—we were out of sight huddled under a railroad bridge in a little dry wash a good quarter-mile away. In the right wind we could hear rich Teutonic oaths spluttering in a juicy shower of saliva.

Of course, Mr. Ackerman could have stopped us at any time, just by complaining to our stern father. If I'm not mistaken, he found a certain *joie de vivre* in protecting *his* tree house from the uninvited. Right up until the time we went all the way into South Pasadena to high school he sat daily guard over his sidewalks. He had a fine, full, busy retirement.

The hat and ball were another case in point. We'd start out playing baseball in the accepted manner, with a little wrangling over turns at bat and such. In minutes the game would deteriorate into shrill accusations of "Cheat! Cheat!" Somebody would throw a stone, nature's gift of ammunition to the young, and the ball game instantly would turn another facet. We dropped bat and ball. Instead of baseball, we played stone tag. Our mother would come out on the back porch and ask plaintively,

"Why can't you play *ball*?"

"We are," we'd answer, whistling a stone past an incautious head.

"We're just deciding the score."

Stone tag, as we played it, was a great game, in which the loser was a double loser. The point of it was simple: you threw stones at one another. It's still played in our neighborhood endlessly, day after day, year after year, despite all the tearful threats and punishments handed out by outraged mothers. *All* children with appropriate terrain play stone tag (though some of the smarter ones claim they're only throwing "hard dirt"), but we had a refinement I've never run across around here.



The slave of the hitter

The *hit* person—he who had suffered—outside of all reason became the slave of the hitter. He was placed —the *hit* one— in the grain room of the barn, locked in for varying periods in a dark little cubbyhole full of spiders and the dusty smell of chicken mash. The hittee could come out only upon agreeing to do the will of the hitter, who spent the interim devising some punishment of peculiar horror and ingenuity. I remember once we made my little sister Jeanne breathe gasoline from the tank in the corner of the garage until she fell into something approximating a coma and went around dizzy and distracted for a considerable period thereafter.

We had access to tools, too, and sometimes even used them to make "cars" and "boats." But mostly our talent lay in the devising of weapons. The sharpened stick, the stick sword, the dagger—we whittled them with precision and used them with skill.

We played with one another in the way of children, fiercely competitive, mean, joined in a solid loyal front against adults. We had our gentle moments. We loved kittens and fields in bloom with rank mustard weed, a sky piled high with cloud castles, and rare ice on the fish pond. We liked to spread our arms and lope with giant steps, turning great swooping sailing circles, until we collapsed from sheer joy in our physical well-being. We were made of equal parts divine wonder and pure hellish aggression. We were children.

Does anyone else remember? **END**

FOUR BOWLS FULL OF FURY



Drawings by Marc Simont

A rich table featuring the best of college football is set for January 2. But the nation's televiewers will have a problem: which game to tune in on?

THE DAY AFTER New Year's the football fan will have a chance to pull his favorite chair in front of the television set, relax his aching head and entertain himself with that annual American parlor game known as channel roulette. With four bowl games—Rose, Orange, Sugar and Cotton—on television, the dial twisters will have the maddening choice of watching one game at a time or of changing channels and catching kaleidoscopic fragments of all the games. But even in little bits and pieces the football should be first-rate. All the teams except Rice are ranked among the top 10 in the country, and the bowl-game promoters have done a fine job of matching teams of varying styles. Rose Bowl viewers can watch Minnesota, the No. 1 team in the country, pit its power against the quickness and agility of sixth-ranked Washington, last season's surprising Rose Bowl winner. In the Orange Bowl, Navy's superstar Joe Bellino faces a final test from Missouri's strong defense, headed by All-America Danny LaRose at right end. The Sugar Bowl presents unbeaten Mississippi, led by the country's surest passing quarterback, Jake Gibbs, against the heavy-slogging Rice attack. And in the Cotton Bowl it will be Arkansas, the best team in the Southwest Conference, against Duke, the best team in the Atlantic Coast Conference.

The viewer, if he so desires, can warm up for the big day by watching the Gator Bowl game on December 31—the prehangover bowl, so to speak. In that one, Baylor, with its go-for-broke pro football offense featuring the three Ronnies—Bull, Stanley and Goodwin—will tangle with Florida's tight-fisted defense. These televised games should present the football fan with enough entertainment to drive a good wife crazy. On pages 59-62, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED analyzes the squads and predicts the winners of the four games set for January 2.

CONTINUED



Here come happy holidays

Festively-wrapped Hiram Walker's Cordials... sure to be welcomed by everyone on your list

Give one, give all of these four popular favorites—flavorful Creme de Menthe, Creme de Cacao, Blackberry Flavored Brandy, and Anisette—and give them to one and all. Happily, you'll find they're beautifully packaged in foil at no extra cost. Your friends are sure to be flattered. And you'll feel like the smartest shopper yet

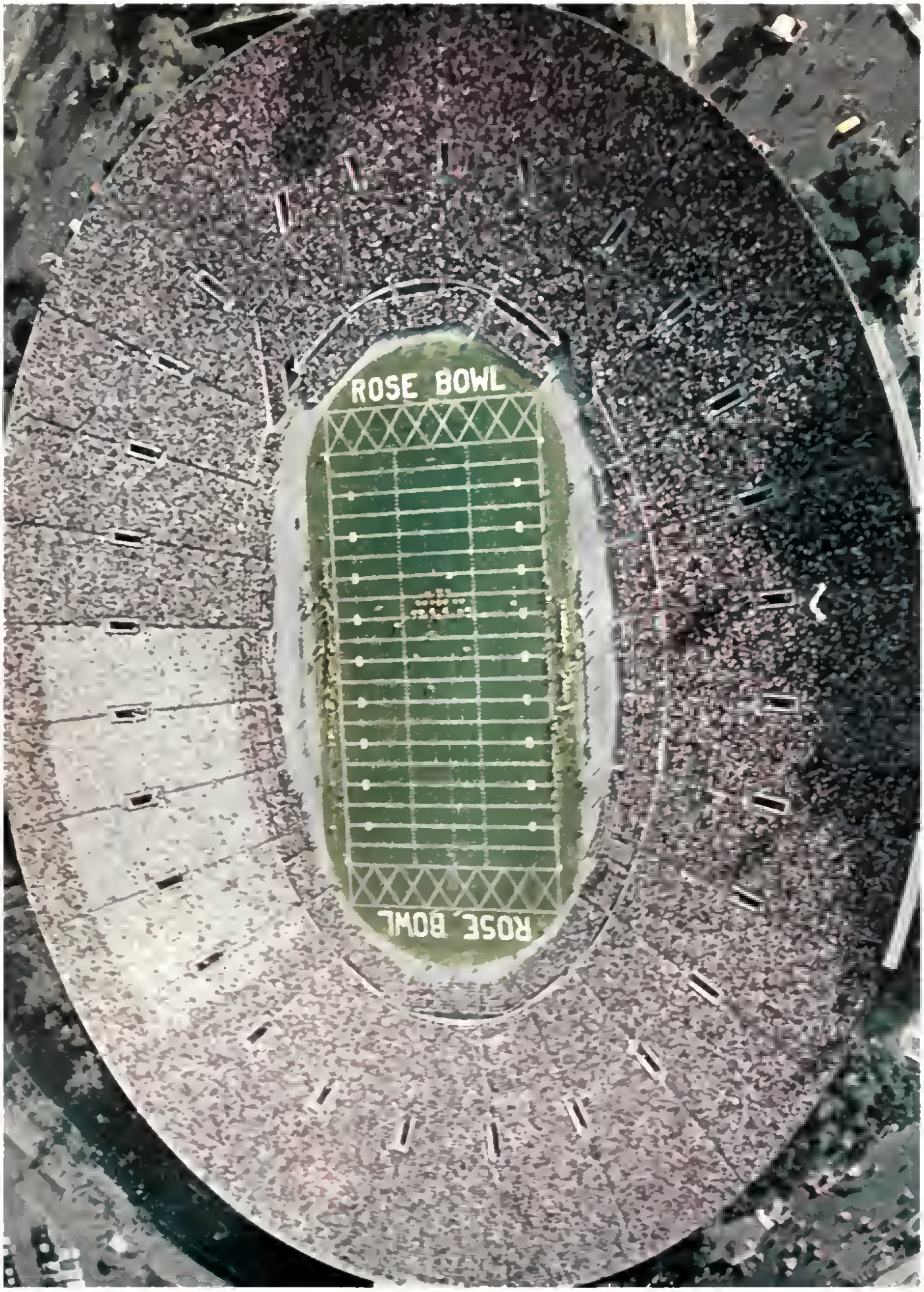
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HIRAM WALKER'S

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A Rainbow of Distinctive Flavors


ROSE BOWL
ROSE BOWL

ROSE BOWL

Washington, the best of the West, meets the head-on power of the nation's top team, Minnesota. The runs will be tricky, the passes fancy, but defense will win this game. CBS-TV, 4:45 p.m., E.S.T.



WASHINGTON

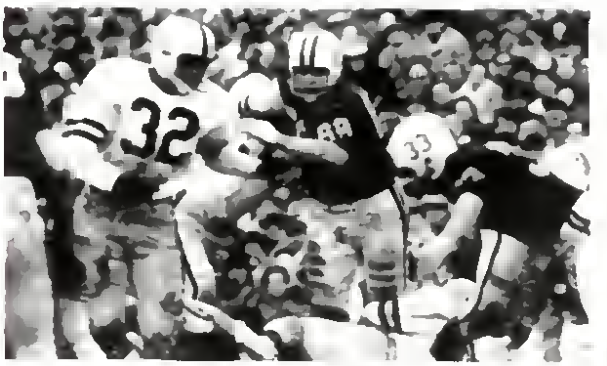
When they care to, the Huskies can be just about the best team in the country. Their offensive patterns are tricky, but masked behind the shifting, rapidly swirling patterns is a solid attack featuring counterplays and traps, with Fullback Ray Jackson going up the middle and Halfback Don McKeta off tackle. If driven to the outside, as it most likely will be by Minnesota, Washington can still move. Halfbacks George Fleming and Charley Mitchell are hard to catch. Bob Schloredt, at quarterback, is master of the pass or run rollout. Schloredt, unfortunately, missed most of the season because of a broken collarbone and may be rusty. This is the same team that all but dismembered Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl last year. Washington should be favored against Minnesota, but the Huskies, their appetites apparently sated, eased through a not-too-difficult schedule, winning four games by narrow margins. This is not the stuff of famous victories.

MINNESOTA

There is nothing fancy about the Gophers. Rated for the first time in 19 years as the nation's toughest team, they forced their way to the top by brute force, and that is what they will show at the Rose Bowl. Indeed, Minnesota is most impressive when the other team has the ball. Then its huge, monolithic line, led by All-America Guard Tom Brown and All-Conference Center Greg Larson, confronts opposing backs with a fierce determination, often forcing them to fumble or to pass wildly. When Minnesota has the ball, Quarterback Sandy Stephens will either hand off to one of the three 200-pound backs churning into the line at four yards a chip, or he will roll out and run himself. Occasionally, to spice the running, Stephens will pass to his tall ends, Bob Deegan and Tom Hall. Minnesota's one weakness is its lack of speed, but against Iowa, perhaps the nation's fastest team, it proved that quickness won't kill it—and neither will Washington.



WASHINGTON'S SCHLOREDT (15) PASSES, RUNS EQUALLY WELL ON OPTION



ALL-AMERICA GUARD BROWN (69) IS THE CORE OF MINNESOTA'S DEFENSE

THE RECORD

55	COP	6
41	IDAHO	12
14	NAVY	15
29	STANFORD	10
10	UCLA	6
30	OREGON STATE	26
7	ONEGON	6
34	USC	6
27	CALIFONNIA	7
8	WASH STATE	7

THE ROSTER

Hivner	11	QB	Hurwerth	LG	62	
Schloredt	15	QB	Allen	LG	66	
Mitchell	21	LH	Skaggs	NE	70	
Fleming	25	LH	Bullard	RT	74	
Wooten	28	RH	Kinnune	RG	75	
Jones	34	FB	Gegner	LT	76	
Jackson	35	FB	Enslow	RT	79	
McKeta	38	NH	Chapple	LT	80	
Dunn	52	C	Meyers	RE	89	
McKeesen	55	C	Claridge	LE	61	
Phillips	58	RG	Folkins	LE	83	

X-RAY BOX

	WASH.	OPP.		WASH.	OPP.
Runs attempted	529	363	Field goals	4	3
Rushing yardage	2,186	1,117	2-pt conversions	3-4	1-7
Passes attempted	106	259	1-pt. conversions	27-31	5-7
Passes completed	54	123	Longest kickoff ret.	85	45
Passing yardage	999	1,577	Avg kickoff ret.	23 8	18.3
Passes int'ceptd by	21	10	Longest punt ret	59	13
Punts	41	58	Avg punt ret	13 0	3 7
Avg dist punts	36 8	36 6	Penalties	45	43
Fumbles lost	18	10	Yds lost pens.	450	428

THE RECORD

26	NEBRASKA	14
42	INDIANA	0
7	NORTHWESTERN	0
21	ILLINOIS	16
10	MICHIGAN	0
46	KANSAS STATE	7
27	IOWA	18
14	PURDUE	23
28	WISCONSIN	7

THE ROSTER

Johnson	14	QB	Teller	61	LG	
Stephens	15	QB	Mulvena	68	LG	
Dickson	25	LH	Brown	69	RG	
Munsey	26	RH	Friebee	71	LT	
Nagers	31	FB	Brizius	76	RT	
Hagberg	38	FB	Miller	77	RT	
Mulholland	40	LH	Bell	78	LT	
King	44	RH	Hall	86	RE	
G Larson	50	C	R Larson	87	LE	
Annis	55	C	Prawdzik	66	LE	
Odegard	60	RG	Deegan	89	NE	

X-RAY BOX

	MINN.	OPP.		MINN.	OPP.
Runs attempted	468	380	Field goals	3	1
Rushing yardage	1,694	1,043	2-pt conversions	1-2	0-1
Passes attempted	102	146	1-pt conversions	24-30	8-8
Passes completed	43	60	Longest kickoff ret	32	34
Passing yardage	658	759	Avg kickoff ret	23 3	16.3
Passes int'ceptd by	18	6	Longest punt ret	29	22
Punts	57	63	Avg punt ret	5 7	8 1
Avg dist. punts	35.0	37 4	Penalties	42	26
Fumbles lost	8	16	Yds. lost pens.	40	219

CONTINUED

SUGAR BOWL

There will be plenty of hooting and hollering at New Orleans when Rice's conservative Owls match their solid ball-control game against the bright attack of Ole Miss's Rebels. NBC-TV, 1:45 p.m., E.S.T.



RICE

By any standard, this is hardly a spectacular Rice team, but it was sound enough to finish in a three-way tie for second place in the stiff Southwest Conference, where the football is always good. Coach Jess Neely dotes on ball control and, lacking a breakaway runner, is content to have his Owls hack out two or three yards at a time, usually inside the tackles. Quarterbacks Bill Cox and Randy Kerbow occasionally roll out and pass from a protype slot T. Keep an eye on the middle of the line, where the hefty King boys, Boyd and Rufus, and Bobby Lively hit hard and spark a solid defense which gave up only seven touchdowns all season. The three-deep pass defense is tight enough on long throws, but it can be suckered by shorties into the flats. This deficiency, which showed up against Baylor, is almost certain to attract the attention of Mississippi's talented Jake Gibbs and, along with a painful absence of depth, could cost the Owls dearly.

MISSISSIPPI

Frugal on defense, lavish on offense, Ole Miss can win in many ways. But the most effective way is to turn the job over to Jake Gibbs, one of college football's best passers. Big and rangy, Gibbs has the pro knack of waiting for his receivers to get into the clear, then throwing with sharp accuracy, usually to zigzagging Halfback Bobby Crespino or End Johnny Brewer. Gibbs has completed 66 of 109 passes for 970 yards and 12 touchdowns this year and, just to prove his versatility, has run for five more scores. Hard-hitting Fullback Jim Anderson supplies the inside bursts necessary to complement Gibbs' passing, and a forceful, tough line (fourth in the nation in rushing defense) provides ample protection. Mississippi faltered only twice during the year, but both times Center Allen Green rescued the Rebels with last-second field goals to beat Arkansas 10–7 and tie LSU 6–6. The likelihood is, however, that Ole Miss will probably not have to resort to histrionics to beat Rice. Two touchdowns should do it nicely.



GUARD RUFUS KING (60) IS ONE OF RICE'S MOST DILIGENT DEFENDERS



PASSING OR ROLLING OUT, MISSISSIPPI'S GIBBS (12) IS HARD TO STOP

THE RECORD

13	GEORGIA TECH	16
16	TULANE	7
16	FLORIDA	6
47	SMU	6
7	TEXAS	0
30	TEXAS TECH	6
6	ARKANSAS	3
21	TEXAS A&M	14
23	TCU	0
7	BAYLOR	12

THE ROSTER

Webb	11	RH	Ligon	62	RG
Weyt	14	LH	Lively	66	RG
Bowen	15	FB	Anthony	67	LG
G. Brown	16	RH	Johnston	70	RT
Cox	24	QB	Korem	72	LT
Kerbow	26	QB	Ulbern	73	RT
Jackson	37	FB	Cornett	74	LT
Blume	43	LH	Stallmon	82	LE
Stroud	54	C	Burrell	84	LE
A. King	57	C	Reese	85	RE
R. King	60	LG	B Simmons	86	RE

THE RECORD

42	HOUSTON	6
21	KENTUCKY	6
31	MEMPHIS STATE	20
26	VANDERBILT	6
26	TULANE	13
16	ARKANSAS	7
6	LSU	6
45	CHATTANOOGA	6
24	TENNESSEE	3
35	MISSISSIPPI STATE	9

THE ROSTER

Gibbs	12	QB	Bolin	63	RG
Elmore	16	QB	Jones	66	RG
Blair	22	LH	Price	66	LG
Crespino	31	RH	J. Brown	74	LT
Robinson	33	RH	Benton	77	RT
Doty	35	LH	Ounewey	76	RT
Adams	46	FB	Robertson	76	LT
Anderson	42	FB	Daniels	80	LE
Green	52	C	Brewer	81	RE
Rees	54	C	Smith	82	LE
Alford	60	LG	Dobbs	86	RE

X-RAY BOX

	RICE	OPP.		RICE	OPP.
Runs attempted	559	385	Field goals	4	4
Rushing yardage	2,070	1,317	2-pt. conversions	0-1	0-2
Passes attempted	145	163	1-pt. conversions	18-22	3-4
Passes completed	74	76	Longest kickoff ret.	52	40
Passing yardage	832	940	Avg. kickoff ret.	24.7	18
Passes int'cptd by	17	11	Longest punt ret.	43	25
Punts	42	45	Avg. punt ret.	9.7	11.5
Avg. dist. punts	34.3	37.6	Penalties	44	48
Fumbles lost	7	16	Yds. lost pens.	474	454

X-RAY BOX

	MISS.	OPP.		MISS.	OPP.
Runs attempted	475	380	Field goals	4	1
Rushing yardage	2,283	881	2-pt. conversions	6-13	0-2
Passes attempted	171	156	1-pt. conversions	20-24	5-7
Passes completed	95	70	Longest kickoff ret.	33	66
Passing yardage	1,343	794	Avg. kickoff ret.	18.5	18.7
Passes int'cptd by	8	12	Longest punt ret.	27	36
Punts	39	67	Avg. punt ret.	9.2	9.4
Avg. dist. punts	37.0	35.3	Penalties	63	40
Fumbles lost	15	13	Yds. lost pens.	613	401

ORANGE BOWL

At Miami all eyes will be on a squirmy little fellow named Joe Bellino, who will lead a spirited Navy team against the powerful, tough-defending Tigers from Missouri. CBS-TV, 12:45 p.m., E.S.T.

NAVY



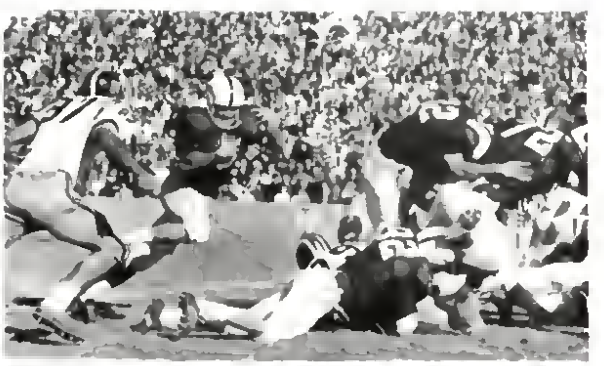
Navy isn't big, and it isn't exceptionally fast, but it does have a team spirit that is truly Gung Ho and, of course, it has Joe Bellino. Coach Wayne Hardin's attack, which he whimsically calls the jackpot T, is built around Bellino, who never really had a bad day all season. The squat, shifty All-America halfback, with the peculiar churning gait and the best fake in college football, runs wide, sifts inside the tackles, or barrels through the middle with equal effectiveness. But Missouri can't afford to overload to stop him. If that happens, Quarterbacks Hal Spooner and Harry Dietz will pick the vulnerable Tigers apart with short passes, and Fullback Joe Matalavage will crash up the center. Defensively, the Navy linemen slant, loop and pinch or crash to harass the passer, depending upon able Linebackers John Hewitt and Frank Visted to fill the gaps. However, the Navy line can be penetrated. It gave up 1,394 yards rushing, mostly to major opponents, and that is no sort of record to throw at Missouri's power.

MISSOURI

Technically, the Tigers come into the Orange Bowl unbeaten, their only loss (to Kansas) having been forfeited by the Big Eight, which belatedly—and enigmatically—declared the Jayhawks' Bert Coan ineligible. The poised and efficient Tigers pass sparingly, putting the emphasis on trap plays up the center and devastating wide power sweeps. On these, Quarterback Ron Taylor hands off to Halfbacks Mel West, Donnie Smith (who scored 13 touchdowns this year), or Norris Stevenson and then quickly joins a five-man escort to lead the ball carrier outside or inside the end. But the sweeps can be stopped, as Kansas showed by using its cornerbacks to force the runner outside. Look for Navy to employ similar strategy in an effort to frustrate the Tigers' most effective weapon. The Missouri line is quick and aggressive, with All-America End Danny LaRose, a bruising 221-pounder, the most spectacular defender. More consistent defense gives the edge to the Tigers—but only if they can contain Bellino.



NAVY'S BELLINO (27) CUTS SHARPLY, FAKES DEFTLY AND RUNS SWIFTLY



MISSOURI'S LAROSE (67) IS QUICK, AGGRESSIVE AND A SURE TACKLER

THE RECORD

22	BOSTON COLLEGE	7
41	VILLANOVA	7
15	WASHINGTON	14
26	SMU	7
35	AIR FORCE	3
27	PENNSYLVARIA	0
14	NOTRE DAME	7
10	DUKE	18
41	VIRGINIA	0
17	ARMY	12

THE ROSTER

Spooner	12	QB	Lucci	64	C	
Dietz	15	QB	Fitzgerald	65	RT	
Prichard	21	RH	Hoy	66	LG	
Meyer	22	LH	Falsonar	67	LG	
Bellino	27	LH	Driscoll	75	LT	
McKeown	36	FB	Erahul	76	RT	
Matalavage	36	FB	Kellner	80	LE	
Hughes	47	RH	Luper	82	RE	
Visted	52	C	Graham	84	LT	
Van Sydow	61	RG	Mather	85	RE	
Hewitt	82	RG	Cattila	88	LE	

THE RECORD

20	SMU	0
28	OKLAHOMA STATE	7
21	PERR STATE	8
34	AIR FORCE	8
45	KANSAS STATE	0
34	IOWA STATE	8
28	NEBRASKA	0
16	COLORADO	8
41	OKLAHOMA	10
7	KANSAS	13

THE ROSTER

Snyder	16	QB	Hertz	64	RG	
Taylor	12	QB	Blaine	66	LT	
Reel	21	LH	T. Smith	67	LG	
West	26	LH	Hanley	68	LG	
Russell	30	FB	Meyer	71	RT	
Mehrer	35	FB	Wallach	74	LT	
Stevenson	40	RH	Calhoun	79	RT	
D. Smith	45	RH	Carpenter	80	LE	
Langan	52	C	Hitchler	83	RE	
McCartney	55	C	LaRose	87	RE	
Garvin	83	RG	G. Smith	88	LE	

X-RAY BOX

	NAVY	OPP.		NAVY	OPP.
Runs attempted	393	472	Field goals	3	2
Rushing yardage	1,493	1,394	2-pt conversions	5-9	2-5
Passes attempted	201	151	1-pt conversions	19-26	6-6
Passes completed	99	56	Longest kickoff ret.	50	31
Passing yardage	1,311	819	Avg. kickoff ret.	21.2	17.4
Passes int'cepted by	12	11	Longest punt rel.	62	24
Punts	52	60	Avg. punt ret	12.2	5.6
Avg. dist. punts	38.9	34.2	Penalties	50	34
Fumbles lost	13	20	Yds. lost pens.	508	283

X-RAY BOX

	MO.	OPP.		MO.	OPP.
Runs attempted	572	376	Field goals	3	1
Rushing yardage	2,493	1,092	2-pt conversions	2-2	3-4
Passes attempted	78	186	1-pt conversions	31-36	4-7
Passes completed	34	74	Longest kickoff ret	54	34
Passing yardage	498	851	Avg. kickoff ret	18.7	17.9
Passes int cepted by	15	8	Longest punt ret.	90	35
Punts	49	61	Avg. punt ret.	12.2	5.8
Avg. dist punts	33.8	38.7	Penalties	28	29
Fumbles lost	11	19	Yds. lost pens.	230	242

CONTINUED

COTTON BOWL

Duke's sharp passing and superior running will be matched against an adamant Arkansas defense that allowed an average of less than six points a game during the regular season. CBS-TV, 3:30 p.m., E.S.T.



DUKE

Coach Bill Murray's Blue Devils can run (they averaged nearly four yards a carry this season) and, for once, they can pass (they led the country with a completion record of 61%). In all respects, they will be more exciting than recent Duke bowl teams. But if they are to succeed, Tee Moorman, the No. 1 swing end who made 46 catches this year, will have to evade the blanket defense Arkansas' fast secondary will try to throw over him. Quarterbacks Don Altman and Walt Rappold may have to try long passes to loosen the defense, and Moorman helps out by shifting from side to side, thus setting up tackle-eligible plays. With Halfback Mark Leggett, the Blue Devils are especially dangerous on runbacks. But if Joel Arrington, the team's leading rusher, is still disabled, the running will suffer, and Duke may be forced to rely on its defense, built around Tackle Dwight Bumgarner and Guard Art Browning. Duke's defenders, however, will be challenged by an Arkansas offense that has both speed and power.

ARKANSAS

Above everything else, Arkansas is a team. There are individual stars—swift Halfback Lance Alworth, Quarterbacks George McKinney and Billy Moore and, if he is well, Fullback Joe Paul Alberty—but on offense or defense the finely drilled Razorbacks execute their orders with a precision that is a joy to watch. Coach Frank Broyles' running strategy calls for wide sweeps, jabs up the middle and occasional attempts to spring Alworth for a long gainer. His club will play position ball, rarely passing inside its own 40. Alworth is the prime target on long tosses, End Jimmy Collier is the best at catches up the middle and in the flats. The Razorbacks' defensive corps, which epitomizes the team with its lightness and mobility, boasts an exceptional roving linebacker in Wayne Harris. Arkansas sometimes concedes short passes but is hard to fool on long ones. This is an excellent second-half squad with a knack for forcing costly errors, and it should easily win its second straight bowl game under Broyles.



LEGGETT (47) IS DUKE'S FLEETEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE BALL CARRIER



MCKINNEY (11) OF ARKANSAS IS A FINE BALL HANDLER, RUNNER, PASSER

THE RECORD

31	SOUTH CAROLINA	0
20	MARYLAND	7
8	MICHIGAN	31
17	N C STATE	13
21	CLEMSON	6
8	GEORGIA TECH	0
19	NAVY	10
34	WAKE FOREST	7
8	NORTH CAROLINA	7
8	UCLA	27

THE ROSTER

Altman	14	QB	Markee	61	LG	
Rappold	17	QB	Browning	63	LG	
Garde	21	LH	Havens	68	RG	
Wright	28	LH	Bassan	73	RT	
Burch	30	FB	Katahin	74	RT	
McGee	37	FB	Uneer	82	RE	
Wilson	41	RH	Bumgarner	84	LT	
Leggett	47	RH	Gregory	85	LT	
Bangel	57	C	Spada	87	RE	
Allie	58	C	Moorman	95	LE	
Berry	60	RG	Widaner	98	LE	

THE RECORD

9	OKLAHOMA ST.	0
48	TULSA	7
7	TCU	0
14	BAYLOR	28
24	TEXAS	23
7	MISSISSIPPI	10
7	TEXAS A&M	3
3	RICE	0
28	SMU	3
34	TEXAS TECH	6

THE ROSTER

Moore	10	QB	Brabham	64	RG	
McKinney	11	QB	Garrett	68	LG	
Alworth	23	LH	Childress	71	RT	
J Williams	28	LH	Henderson	74	RT	
Mundy	37	FB	Mazzanti	78	LT	
Horton	41	RH	Trail	78	LG	
D Williams	43	RH	Epp	79	LT	
Alberty	45	FB	Collier	80	RE	
Gramlich	54	C	Gastan	81	LE	
Harris	55	C	Butler	94	LE	
Fields	83	RG	Evans	87	RE	

X-RAY BOX

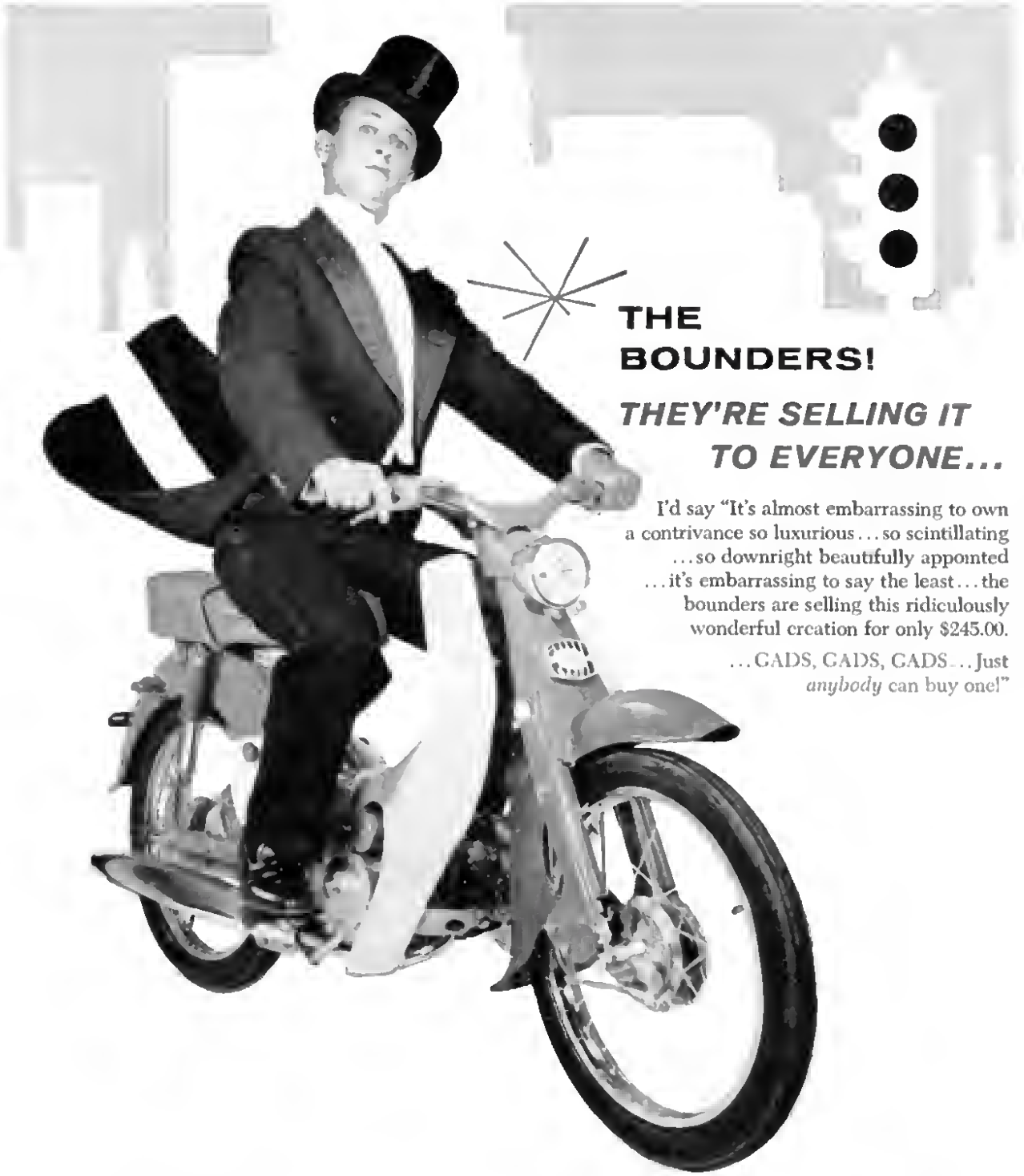
	DUKE	OPP.
Runs attempted	482	387
Rushing yardage	1,872	1,449
Passes attempted	175	209
Passes completed	107	99
Passing yardage	949	1,206
Passes int ceptd by	16	10
Punts	50	52
Avg dist punts	34 5	36 0
Fumbles lost	16	13

	DUKE	OPP.
Field goals	3	1
2 pt conversions	3 4	1-3
1 pt conversions	13 19	7-13
Longest kickoff ret.	28	37
Avg kickoff ret	14 9	19 9
Longest punt ret.	56	18
Avg punt ret	10 4	8 2
Penalties	28	32
Yds lost pens.	305	350

X-RAY BOX

	ARK.	OPP.
Runs attempted	506	432
Rushing yardage	1,670	1,330
Passes attempted	126	121
Passes completed	53	54
Passing yardage	968	641
Passes int'ceptd by	9	12
Punts	58	52
Avg dist punts	33 9	38 8
Fumbles lost	12	18

	ARK.	OPP.
Field goals	2	4
2 pt conversions	0-1	0 1
1 pt conversions	21 24	8 9
Longest kickoff ret.	34	33
Avg kickoff ret	20 9	15 9
Longest punt ret	42	22
Avg punt ret	14 7	8
Penalties	42	35
Yds lost pens.	459	349



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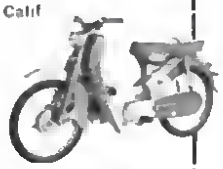
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Charles Goren's Year-end quiz

BRIDGE, for all the magic some try to impart to the game, is only a contest of experience. Those who know and remember hands they have played generally are able to win when their less retentive friends are wallowing in indecision. Here are some problems which, once you have solved them, should provide excellent guides to games you will play in the future. Do not be discouraged if you do not score 90. The best of players have their troubles with these hands. A score of 82 to 90 is master, 72 to 81 top rate, 54–71 good, 36–53 average.

1 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♥	DBL	?	

What do you bid?

2 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
4♥	PASS	?	

What do you bid?

3 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	2♦	PASS	3♦
3♥	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

4 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	PASS	1♥	1♠
?			

What do you bid now?

5 Both sides vulnerable and as South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	DBL	2♣	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

6 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
2♠	PASS	3 NT	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

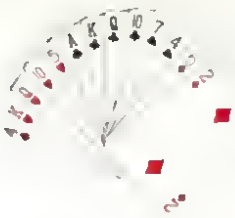
7 You are South, vulnerable, and hold:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
3♠	DBL	PASS	?

What do you bid?

8 You are South, have 60 part-score, and hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	1♦	1♥	1♠
?			

What do you bid now?

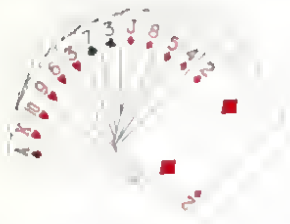
9 As South you hold:



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♠	PASS	2♠	3 NT
DBL	?		

What do you bid now?

10 Neither vulnerable, and as South you hold:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	3♦	DBL	?

What do you bid?

11 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♦	PASS	1♥	2♠
2♠	PASS	3♥	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

12 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	1♠	1 NT	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

13 You are South, vulnerable, and you hold:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
3♥	4♠	PASS	?

What do you bid?

14 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	2♠	PASS
2♥	PASS	2♠	PASS
3♣	PASS	3♦	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

15 Both vulnerable, and as South you hold:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
4♥	PASS	PASS	?

What do you bid?

16 As South you hold:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♠	PASS	2♦	?

What do you bid?

17 As South you hold:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♥	2♦	PASS	?

What do you bid?

18 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 NT	PASS	3♣	PASS
3 RT	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 80



1960 SILVER ANNIVERSARY

The symbolic silver goal posts shown here are for John Hersey, the tall, pensive Connecticut novelist who has etched his view of our times into half a dozen widely acclaimed books, including *A Bell for Adano, Into the Valley, Hiroshima* and *The Wall*. In the next few days this trophy will be presented to Hersey and similar goal posts will be given to the 24 other men whose pictures appear in the following pages.

Together they constitute SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1960 Silver Anniversary All-America.

The 25 men have these things in common: 25 falls ago they earned varsity letters in football, over the intervening quarter century they have acquitted themselves in careers and public service with outstanding distinction.

This is how they were chosen: more than 200 colleges and universities were asked to nominate one senior from their 1935 varsity football squads whose career, after 25 years, has shown the most accomplishment. From the resulting citations a panel of distinguished Americans (*see page 73*) selected the 25 men it considered most outstanding. Among them are a college president, a self-made millionaire, an orthopedic surgeon, a stockbroker and a brigadier general in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Some of them played the game of football so superbly that middle-aged fans still recall their names with a thrill of pleasure: Berwanger of Chicago, first winner of the Heisman Trophy, Bryant of Alabama, who put the surge in the Crimson Tide; Shakespeare of Notre Dame, whose last-second touchdown pass robbed Ohio State of a national championship. The skills of others are remembered chiefly by classmates and coaches.

Their own recollections of those Saturday afternoons 25 years ago are vivid because football is a game that requires physical courage and provides tangible triumphs seldom encountered in later life, no matter how successful. Novelist Hersey recalls with shy pride the

ALL-AMERICA

game against Lafayette in which he played almost 60 minutes with a broken hand. If pressed, Banker Frederick Moseley, kneading an irreparably broken nose, admits to scoring Harvard's only touchdown against Yale. Alf Brandin, now a vice-president of Stanford University, then one of Stanford's "Vow Boys," still relishes the 13–0 victory over Cal which took his team to its third straight Rose Bowl. The Bowdoin game that Industrialist William Drake recalls with most pleasure was played against a Wesleyan team that had Economist James O'Leary at left end (score: Bowdoin 33, Wesleyan 0; no hard feelings today). All men, even the stars of their day, agree that football is not everything. But they emphatically believe that for them it was a useful part of their education, that college football can be a healthy adjunct to shaping the whole man that is the goal of a liberal education.

The world into which they graduated was one of promise and warning. The country was moving out of the shadow of the Great Depression, but in Europe and Asia there were rising regimes intent on challenging "the decadent democracies." Before the League of Nations an African emperor made his eloquent but unheeded appeal against the invasion of his country by Mussolini's Italy. Tides were moving that would involve 19 of the 25 award men in active and often distinguished combat. To make their way in this threatening climate they drew on the lessons learned on the football field: tenacity, self-denial and teamwork.

Their lives today show that they learned those lessons well. Almost every one of them gives far more of himself to his profession and to a staggering variety of community services than he gets back in money or honors. For most of them, responsibility became its own reward a long time ago. In an age characterized by Operators and Status Seekers, they are a select group indeed.

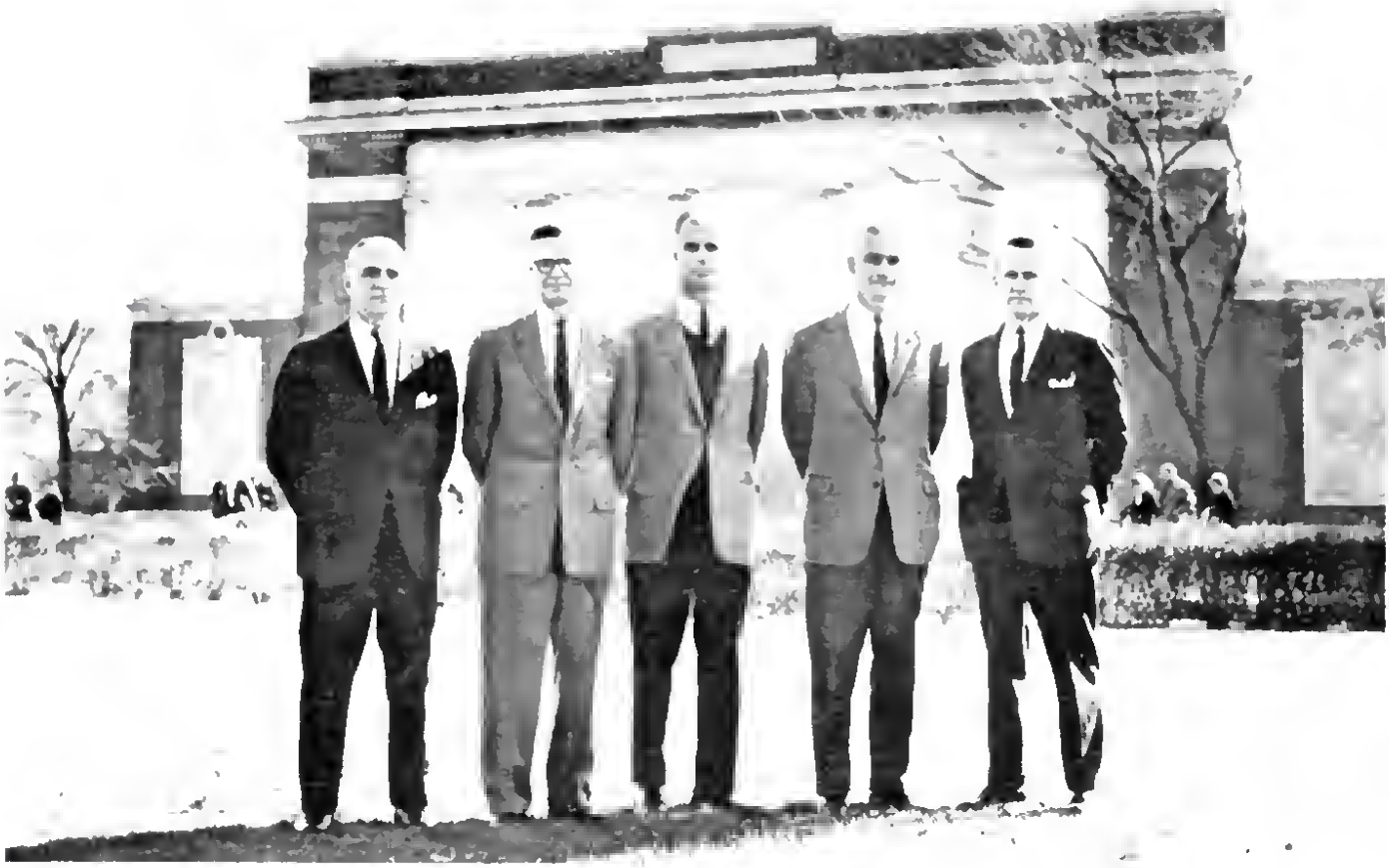
CONTINUED

HERE ARE THE WINNERS

On a recent winter afternoon 22 of the 25 award winners met on five college campuses across the country (the other three had to stick to their jobs) to have their pictures taken and to look each other over. Although their careers allow them almost no leisure, most of them were within 10 pounds of their playing weights, seemed very much the effective and influential men their college presidents (and coaches) had hoped they would become.



On Caltech's Pasadena campus stand Alf Brandin (Stanford), who today manages Stanford's vast land holdings, Dr Daniel Fortmann (Colgate) and Dr G Wilbur Westin (Middlebury), who practice surgery in Los Angeles; and Frank W Davis (Caltech), who runs Convair plant which produces the new B-58 bomber





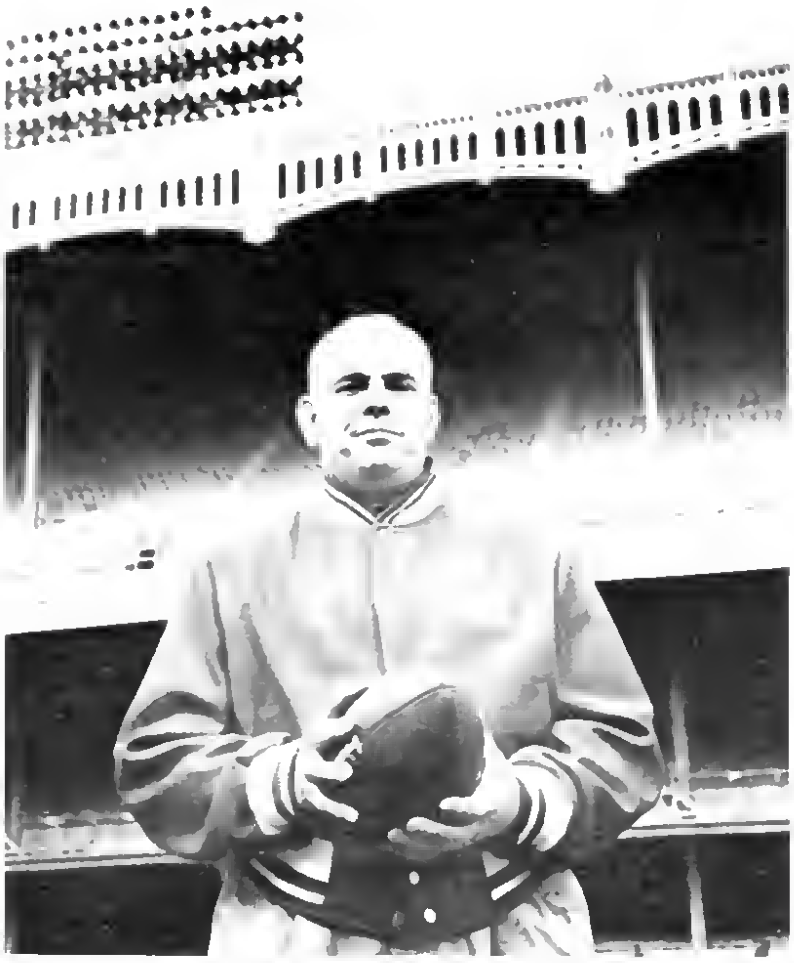
Yale's Walter Camp Memorial award [illegible] James Frederick Mowbray, '11, [illegible] vice-president [illegible] New York, Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.; Thomas O'Leary (Wesleyan), [illegible] director of economic research [illegible] Life Insurance Association of America; [illegible] the Hugo Cipriani [illegible] three companies; Adam Breeze (Yale), whose *A Bill to* [illegible] a Pulitzer Prize; Dr. Hume Mercer Mellen, Jr. (Princeton), a Denver surgeon; and William Drake Bowman, president of Philadelphia's Pennsalt Chemicals Corp. At left is Brig. General Louis Robertshaw, USMC (Naval Academy), assistant wing commander of the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing, Japan, who next month will assume command of all Marine air reserve training

CONTINUED





Park bench near University of Chicago is meeting place for Edwin R. Phelps (Kansas), now chief engineer of the Peabody Coal Co., St. Louis, Charles Galbreath (Illinois), manager of the Indianapolis branch of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith; Glenn Seidel (Minnesota), who today is vice-president in charge of engineering for Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.; Joe Stydahar (West Virginia), president of Chicago's Big Bear Container Corp., and Jay Berwanger (Chicago), president of Hood Sponge Rubber Co. of Chicago, sometimes called the best halfback of all time. At left: cotton crop of Brazil is concern of Harry Witt (Rice), who represents Houston's Anderson, Clayton & Co. as overseas vice-president.



Yankee Stadium is the setting as Jim Lee Howell (Arkansas), beneficial coach of New York professional football Giants. Below, colonnaded Presidents Mansion at the University of Alabama sets off William Shakespeare (Notre Dame), president of the Cincinnati Rubber Manufacturing Co., a division of the Ohio Power Tool Co. Oscar Thompson (Georgia Tech), president of Thompson, Boland and Lee, a chain of shoe stores in Georgia. Cecil Humphreys (Tennessee), president of Memphis State University. Paul Bryant (Maryland), head football coach at the University of Alabama, and Lazenby E. Barwick (North Carolina), who founded Georgia's $80 million E. L. Barwick Mills, carpet manufacturers



CONTINUED



Rice University cloister brings together Dr. Abe Mickal (Louisiana State), chief of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at LSU; Harry Shuford (Southern Methodist), first vice-president, Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas, and Leon Payne (Brown), partner in the Houston law firm of Andrews, Kurth, Campbell and Bradley.

THE JUDGES

The task, not an easy one, of selecting the 25 outstanding men from the many nominated by colleges throughout the country fell to the jury of 12 outstanding men shown here. They are leaders in the world of business, the professions and community service in which the Silver Anniversary All-America award men, still in their 40s, are still rising.



DEAN RUSK
Secretary of State-designate
of the United States



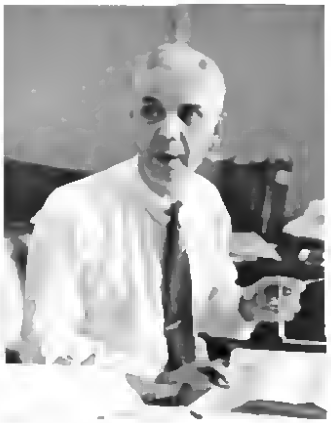
BARRY J. LEITHEAD
President,
Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc.



CHESTER J. LaROCHE
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President,
W. R. Grace & Co.



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Chairman, the
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DWANE L. WALLACE
President, the
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CHARLES G. MORTIMER
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Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. of N.Y.



DOUGLAS F. ROBY
Chairman,
American Metal Products Co.



JOHN R. KIMBERLY
Chairman,
Kimberly-Clark Corporation

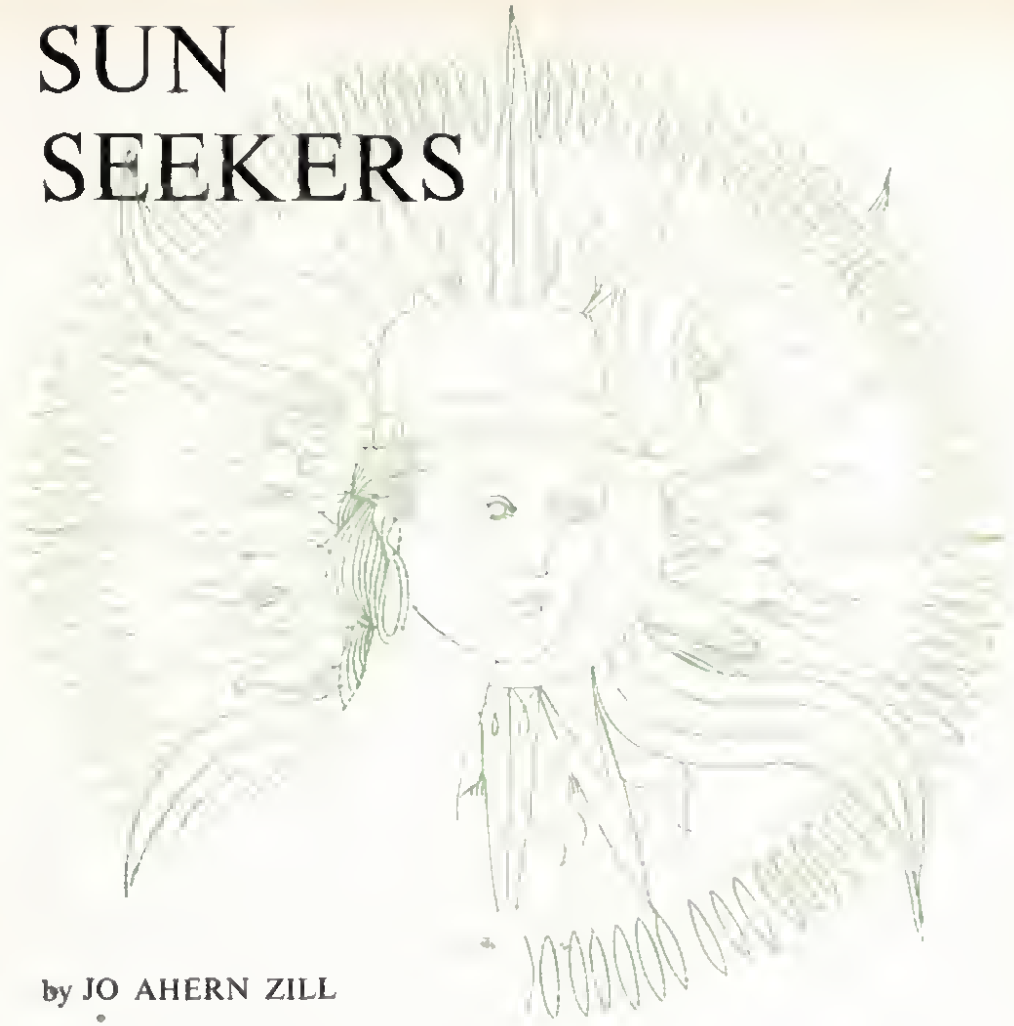
EDWIN H. MOSLER JR.
President
The Mosler Safe Co.





HERBERT L. BARNET
President
Pepsi-Cola Co.

SUN SEEKERS



by JO AHERN ZILL

Vacationists headed for the sun belt of the Americas this winter can take with them casual fashions that are as unabashed in color and native in derivation as those of the lands to which they travel. On the next four pages are examples photographed at New York's new Latin American restaurant, La Fonda del Sol (The Inn of the Sun). They are available at Lord & Taylor in New York and at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas and Houston

Photographs by GORDON PARKS

Window dressing for the season are a flame-orange and pink scarf-topped overblouse and pants of Siamese silk ($115, Tina Leser) and man's jacket of golden Arnel-cotton Oxford shirting ($25, Gordon-Ford). Bracelets are Van S. Authentics.


LA
RONDA
del
SOL



Brilliant south-of-the-border colors mark both a cover-up poncho ($9) with swimsuit ($17, Bill Atkinson for Glen of Michigan) and Painter Bernique Wallace's primitivist Mexican mural.

The gold of the sun-worshipping Incas inspired Alexander Girard's 11-foot sun sculpture, reflected in the sequins of year's most dazzling maillot ($89, Pembroke Squires for Cabana).



The latest for lazing: beach pajamas of riotous floral print, trumpet-shaped and slit to the knee ($35, Cabana), are shielded by a canopy of Ecuadorian embroidery and a crown of ceramic cherubs from Oaxaca. Sombreros, by Emme, are also favorites borrowed from the neighbors.



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KEEP
TELEVISION
FREE!

Illustrations by Edward Sorel

Should Pay Television, potentially the biggest sport and entertainment bonanza ever, be encouraged or suppressed? A decade of bitter conflict over that question is nearing a climax. Here a Sports Illustrated research team, made up of M. R. Werner, Henry Romney, Margot Marek and Eugenia Frangos, examines the claims. Their findings should help both the government and the public answer:

THE $6,000,000,000 QUESTION

In October of this year a certain Tom O'Neil was called on to testify at a federal investigation in Washington. The investigation had nothing to do with crime or violence, but anyone paying attention could soon deduce who O'Neil was. He had to be a character who beat up elderly ladies for a living and who pushed dope on the side.

The reason for the investigation, it ultimately was disclosed, was that O'Neil wanted to run special shows on TV in Hartford, Conn. and, instead of having advertisers pay the bill in the regular way, he planned to charge the people who tuned in these programs. They would be billed each month for what they chose to see—as little as 25¢ for some shows and perhaps up to $3.50 for others. But why would anybody pay money to see a TV program when the air is already full of TV programs? There were plenty of questions for O'Neil:

- How about dirty pictures? Was O'Neil figuring on making his money by showing sex movies, loading his programs with a lot of pornography?
- How about four-letter words? Was he planning to spice his programs with a lot of s-m-u-t?
- How about democracy? Only rich people could afford to look at these programs. What's wrong with the poor people having a good time?
- When was he going to stop selling babies on the black market?

Actually, to be quite scrupulous about it, the questions are paraphrased, and the last one never got asked. Nonetheless, they accurately convey both the sense of the questions and the spirit of the inquiry. The hearings had been called by the Federal Communications Commission, but they were instigated and largely dominated by movie-theater owners and (potently, though in the background) representatives of the television networks. The latter regard O'Neil as the harbinger of a threat worse than death —*i.e.*, competition—so it is hardly surprising that they came with their knives drawn.

The immediate issue was merely whether an O'Neil

continued

company called Hartford Phonevision Co. should receive FCC permission to give Pay TV a three-year experimental tryout in its broadcasting area. To the TV networks, however, this was only the proverbial camel's nose under the tent intended to prepare the way for whole troops of other Pay TV invaders soon to follow all over the country. The day that Hartford Phonevision starts operation will (so they prophesied) symbolically mark the beginning of the end of the nation's movie theaters and its present "free" system of television.

And, of course, this involves not peanuts, nor even popcorn. In fact, it involves about $6 billion. And since—reverting, as even the TV networks sometimes do, to the idiom of the four-letter word—they would rather be r-i-c-h than p-o-o-r, naturally TV's hierarchy felt obliged to fight O'Neil tooth, nail and innuendo.

The hearings ended two months ago, and the findings will be announced some time after the first of the year. The present pregnant interval, therefore, is a good time for sports fans to find out what the argument is about, and this season has an appropriateness all its own, for this is the season of decision in pro football—and, as usual under the present system, people in the cities where the games were being played were not able to see them on TV.

But over and beyond its topicality, the Pay-TV-versus-Free-TV issue is one in which sports are concerned in a long-range and quite decisive way. In the first place, as is acknowledged by O'Neil and practically everyone on the Pay TV side, the profitability of a Pay TV system will depend very considerably on its being able to televise and charge for sports events. The ones that are now being broadcast free (that is, sponsored by advertisers) can be dismissed from the reckoning; the ones that count are those now blacked out either locally, like the home games of practically all pro and amateur teams in major sports, or nationally, like championship boxing matches. Without getting into the economics of the matter just yet, a single statistic will explain the stakes. There hasn't been a million-dollar gate at a heavyweight championship fight since the passing of Mike Jacobs, but the home box office alone in a reasonably well developed Pay TV national hookup of such a battle could quite conceivably amount to $10 million.

Or $11 million. Or $20 million. Why not? One needs only to relax and lean back a bit to have all kinds of carefree fun with figures in this area. There are, after all, more than 50 million TV sets in this country. Suppose half of them were equipped to receive Pay TV programs: that would be 25 million. Suppose half of these tuned in the heavyweight championship: that would be 12.5 million. Suppose the charge for such an important event was $3.50. Wouldn't that be $43,750,000? Wouldn't it? It is thoughts such as these, usually coming on just at bedtime when the mind floats whither it will, that drive Pay TV entrepreneurs almost insane with desire and give network-TV executives nightmares.

However, few sports fans feel any mission to gratify the dreams of sports promoters. What is to the point here is whether Pay TV will be good for sports, both spectator and participant. And this requires just a little exploration of what Free TV's effects on sports already has been—for better and for worse.

On the positive side, it is perfectly obvious that TV has hugely increased the nation's familiarity with, and interest in, sports of all sorts, from bowling to baseball to badminton. There are old ladies in rocking chairs right this minute who can reel off the batting averages of the entire Yankee roster;



furthermore, they have grandsons who play in the Little League and use up large quantities of bats, balls, mitts and Band-Aids. People who watch bowling on TV are likely to develop a yen to try it themselves. All in all, sporting activities of one sort or another, directly or indirectly resulting from TV viewing, now involve the yearly expenditure of extra billions of dollars.

On the negative side, the effect of TV on gate receipts has ranged from poor to disastrous. Consider the following:

• The Friday night fights at Madison Square Garden used to bring out about 12,000 paying customers. In the 13 years since the fights began to acquire a major television audience, average attendance was down 90%, to 1,200. As for the small clubs, the training grounds for new fighters, there used to be about 300 of them; today there are fewer than 50.

• From 1947 to 1957, TV's first decade of large-scale operation, attendance at major league baseball games dropped 20%. What with blacking out home games and shifting franchises to new territories, it has since gone up again to almost the enthusiastic postwar level, but in the minor leagues it has gone down 63%, and minor leagues have declined in number from 59 to only 24. Or, to put it in a different way:

In 1959, when Milwaukee and Los Angeles were fighting it out for the pennant, crowds at the Los Angeles Coliseum ran as big as 60,000 and 70,000 people. The decisive game was on September 29, and Walter O'Malley, in a strangely experimental spirit, let it be televised. Only 36,000 fans made it to the ball park.

A few years ago Albany, one game away from the Eastern League championship, was playing New Haven for the clincher in a night game at the 10,000-seat Albany stadium. It was a fine, clear September night, perfect for an evening at the ball park. Unfortunately, however, the Dodgers and Giants were playing that night, too, and their game was being telecast. The crowd that turned out to see Albany win the pennant totaled 34 people.

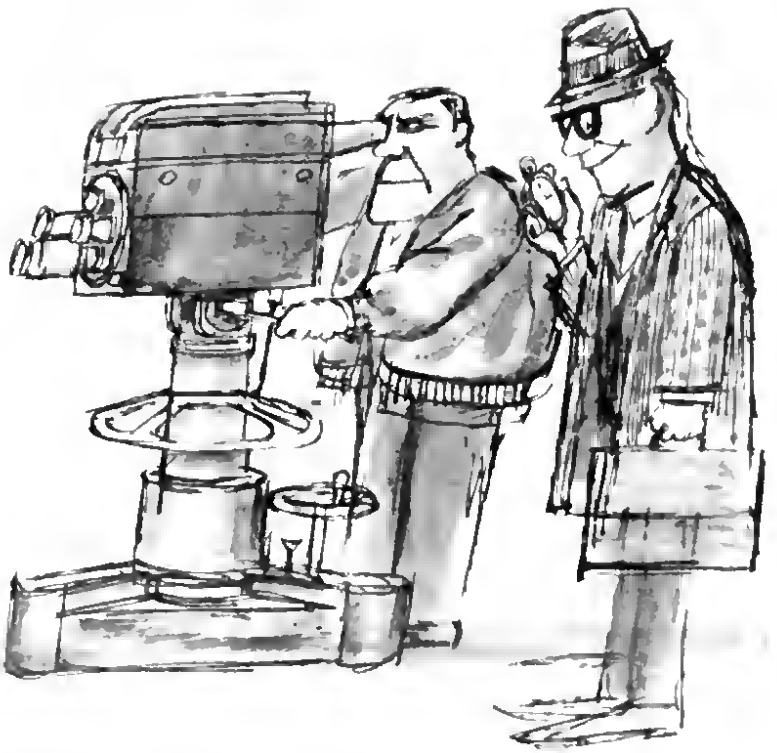
Football, both college and professional, was in trouble from the moment TV came on the scene. With unlimited broadcasting in 1949 and 1950, attendance at college games dropped 1,400,000. The National Collegiate Athletic Association hurriedly put the lid on, and now it allows only nine telecasts a year, each restricted to a specified area of the country. Attendance is up again but still is only at about the level of the pre-TV era, in spite of much bigger college enrollments and a considerable increase in general population. Pro football has done relatively better, but only after the National Professional Football League had laid down the iron rule that there could be no TV reception of a game within a radius of 75 miles of the place where it was being played.

For basketball, ice hockey, wrestling and several other sports the story has been much the same: a gratifying increase in the public's interest, coupled with a broad public disinclination to get off its backside and take itself out to the park or stadium. For some teams in some sports, the payments received from TV sponsors have made up the loss at the box office, or even sometimes brought in a big extra profit. But on the whole, taking into consideration the fate of the minor leagues, the boxing and wrestling clubs and so forth, the spectator sports have suffered a severe net financial loss because of TV.

Is Pay TV a good answer? Suppose it were widely available—what reasonably could be expected of it?

Physical attendance at sports events probably would not be helped, more likely, in fact, it would dwindle even more. Instead of going to the stadium on a raw fall day or to the ball park at 90° in the shade, quite a few people would be inclined

continued



to pony up a dollar and sit at home with the appropriate beverage, cheering the team on *in absentia*. Looking ahead, some athletic directors and promoters fear that the crowds may quite vanish, and that with them will go the athletes' incentive to excel. As Nicholas Kerbawy of the Detroit Pistons says: "I'd hate to see the day when sports were played in a laboratory setting. If you take the fans away from the game, you take the sweat away. Ballplayers in every sport are activated by the fan." But this is an extreme of pessimism; the more general view is that the special thrill of "being there" and the social pleasures involved will tend to keep crowds coming—some sort of crowds, at least.

To weigh against a possible fall-off in physical attendance, there are some probable advantages. The big one, from the fan's point of view, would be a virtual doubling of the events available on TV: all those local games and championship fights now blacked out would be his for a price. Would he, though, actually spend his money on these extra and special events? What evidence there is, such as the receipts of closed-circuit broadcasts (the last Patterson-Johannson fight grossed more than $2 million from TV), suggests that he would—that, in fact, the total box office from direct admissions plus coins in the slot would produce such a bonanza that the old Golden Age of Sport would look like Sunday night in Slowville. And with this extra money, many desirable things would be possible.

For instance, subsidies to the minor leagues could be increased enough to permit the farm system to operate with its old vigor. Similar subsidies from the major fight promoters—why not?—could revive the little boxing clubs. More money from college football, which already pays the costs of the minor collegiate sports, could help buy tennis courts, golf balls, eight-man shells, ping-pong and equipment for the 99 other potential forms of physical recreation. Sports, sportsmanship, health and vigor do not necessarily rise in proportion to the amount of sporting dollars available, of course, but it is equally silly to deny that there is a relationship, and whether the money comes from tickets bought at the gate or from coins fed into a box is not decisively important. Chub Feeney, vice-president of the San Francisco Giants, has put the matter with unsurpassed brevity and eloquence: "Revenue," he points out, "is revenue."

All in all, then, it seems entirely possible that Pay TV could —and would be required to—do as much for sports as sports could do for it.

Obviously, Pay TV would not limit itself to sports. Its proponents look forward to selling first-run movies, Broadway opening nights and hit shows and other similar current entertainments—programs which no advertiser can now afford to sponsor but which, through the living-room box office, could pay for themselves and return a profit. Again, the figures are what anyone wants to guess: there is no reason, in theory, why a grade-A movie shouldn't pay off its production costs in a week or why a show like *My Fair Lady* shouldn't take in an extra $10 million or so. Such incentives, say the Pay TVers, would cause backers to put up more money for hit shows, bring Hollywood's production of feature films back to the level of the good old (pre-TV) days, provoke an outburst of creativity in all directions. At the other end of the financial scale, local stations would also be able to put on public service programs of limited interest —the high school class play, for instance, or a Little League ball game—on the probability that enough doting relatives and public-spirited merchants would chip in at the coin box to pay for the air time and probably even a good deal more, the profits to be turned over to the organizations concerned.

All this being so, or at any rate reasonable and likely, why hasn't Pay TV been launched by somebody a long time ago? The full answer to this logical question runs to several million words. Up to, but not including, the recent hearings, the FCC in the course of its previous wrestling with the subject had received some 25,000 individual items of opinion and information. The proposals and counterproposals that were submitted fill 69 volumes, a stack 18 feet high. As a matter of fact, the man-hours that have been expended scheming, arguing, reading, writing about and forestalling Pay TV probably would be enough, if converted into ergs, to send the entire seven-man Federal Communications Commission into orbit around the moon, an idea so attractive to so many it's a wonder that that hasn't been done yet either.

Briefly, the reason for delay has not been lack of effort by people who want to start Pay TV, but the equal and opposite efforts of its opponents and their success to date, through harassing and legal delaying actions, in preventing the FCC from issuing the necessary permissions.

There is no profit here in going back through the 18-foot shelf of ploys and counterploys. However, considering the complexity and the very great importance of this game, and considering also that even if O'Neil wins his current point for Pay TV in Hartford the competitive struggle will be going on for a long time to come, it is a good idea (otherwise one can't follow the action) to know the names, numbers and backgrounds of the principal players.

Basically, there are two systems proposed for Pay TV: one in which the program goes out through the air, in the familiar way of the present advertising-sponsored Free TV; the other, a system whereby the program leaves the studio on a special, shielded cable, which in turn branches out along telephone poles or underground conduits from which it feeds into the home set on a small, connecting cable—on the pattern of the telephone system itself. From the audience's point of view the end result is essentially the same: a desired but otherwise unavailable program is visible on the home TV screen, it runs right along without the usual disturbing breaks for advertising, and the customer sooner or later has to pay cash for these blessings.

The great advantage of the over-the-air system, which makes it really the only feasible one for national or regional network use, is its simplicity and economy. It is nothing more than regular television combined with one gadget to scramble the picture and sound and another gadget on the set to unscramble them and bill the customer or otherwise collect the money. This is the system O'Neil wants to try out

in Hartford. He must have an FCC license for it because the Federal Communications Commission, guardian of the nation's air waves, controls the broadcast frequencies which any over-the-air TV station, pay or otherwise, must use.

The FCC has no authority over so-called "closed circuit" communications, however. This would seem to give cable-fed TV an immediate advantage. Moreover, the closed-circuit design has a marvelous technical advantage: it can carry three programs at the same time, thus, in effect, adding three channels to the subscriber's set—and tripling also the opportunities that the program department has for capturing his fancy and his money.

Unfortunately, however, there are financial drawbacks. Cable-fed TV requires a tremendous amount of capital to get started. The main cables alone, even when carried on telephone poles, cost about $4,000 a mile, and more when they have to be put underground. It has been calculated that to equip all of Los Angeles with closed-circuit TV would cost $100 million. Clearly, any such investment, or even a tenth of it, would be insane unless the system could tie into a national or regional network that could furnish outside attractions. But in that case, of course, the programs would be part of interstate commerce, and once again FCC or some other form of licensing would undoubtedly be involved.

O'Neil's Phonevision, despite its name, has nothing to do with phones or cables, although in its early days it did. Now it is completely over the air. It was developed and is owned by Zenith Radio, which had the first version of it ready back in 1947, and with tenacity but mounting irritation has been trying ever since to get it into use. With all the research and improvements that have gone into it, Zenith now has some $10 million tied up in Phonevision with not a penny of profit to show for it.

Thomas F. O'Neil, with whom Zenith has hopefully allied itself in Hartford, is one of the Akron O'Neils whose family tire business (General Tire & Rubber) has proliferated so amazingly into products ranging from one-man submarines to ballistic missiles. Tom, a former Holy Cross football star, the second, biggest and toughest son of the late William F., supersalesman founder of it all, heads General Tire's entertainment division, which is known as RKO General and consists principally of 10 radio and TV stations and the film inventory of the old RKO studios, which General Tire bought from Howard Hughes in 1955. Tom pioneered the use of quality movies on TV when, a few years earlier, he leased a batch of foreclosed films from the Bank of America and started a feature known as the *Million Dollar Movie*. It was so successful that he bought RKO chiefly to lay hands on its inventory of films to provide future supplies. Now, however, the mileage has pretty well run out of these. The surviving major studios are feeding their inventories out to TV slowly, and so far have just got beyond 1948. Sooner or later, of course, no matter what they do about their inventories, a shortage of films for TV will develop simply because Hollywood is no longer producing many new ones. Accordingly, O'Neil has become more and more interested in Pay TV. Assuming that the idea worked at all, and that people would actually pay to see first-run films instead of the old free ones, Pay TV would make it financially practicable to run current movies and would cause a Hollywood production boom that would keep TV supplied with something to show.

At the Hartford station, as O'Neil testified, movies would be the staple fare on most evenings, with plays, operas and other entertainments spliced in according to demand. (Phonevision has hired Leland Hayward, the Broadway producer, to create special shows.) Sports would be mostly on Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons, since the local offerings consist largely of school basketball and football. In other localities, of course, programing would vary according to tastes and facilities, obviously any city with a major league baseball club would be seeing a lot of baseball in the afternoons and evenings.

This is a proper note upon which to introduce Matthew M. (Matty) Fox and his Tolvision of America, Inc., earlier and better known to West Coast baseball fans and to the Securities and Exchange Commission as Skiatron of America, Inc. Matty Fox, a bundle of energy from Racine,

continued



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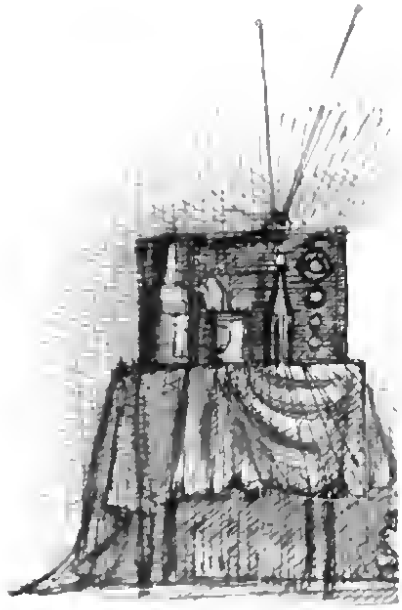
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Wis., where he got into show business as a movie usher, has been a Hollywood, New York and International wheeler-dealer for a long time, and he was among the first to spot Pay TV as a good financial bet. At one time and another, rumors have had him ready to sign up almost every attraction from the freckles champ to the Olympic Games. In the spring of 1959 Fox announced that the following spring his Skiatron company, a licensee of Skiatron Electronics and Television Corp., would begin broadcasting the 1960 games of the Los Angeles Dodgers and the San Francisco Giants. Skiatron stock jumped from 3⅜ to 9, fell again as the time approached and nothing happened, and finally attracted the attention of the SEC. The result, last December, was that public trading in Skiatron Electronics was suspended because of the "general unreliability" of the "information" used in promoting it.

A few months ago the SEC, after winding up its inspection of Skiatron's affairs, announced that it had never had a contract with the Dodgers and that although, in truth, it had had an option to televise Giant games, this had lapsed 18 months earlier "by reason of Fox's failure to make payments of about $4.25 million." Neither Fox nor his company, it went on to state, had the "facilities or financial ability to undertake commercial operations" of Pay TV. The stock registration statement had been "materially misleading." Fox and Skiatron Electronics officers were forbidden to sell any more stock, but the earlier ban on trading was lifted—with the comment that the information being released "should assist investors in making an informed evaluation of Skiatron stock."

Is this the end of Matty Fox? Not necessarily, it seems, for Horace Stoneham, owner of the Giants, who also personally owned shares of Skiatron, met the SEC blast by stating that the Giants still feel a "moral obligation" to Fox and that "we'll go along with him on Pay TV if he can show progress."

However, it is going to take more than a "moral obligation" to get the Skiatron-Fox-Tolvision system into operation. It is of the closed-circuit type. According to the SEC statement, the capital needed



is $13 million, whereas Fox *et al.* are not only broke but $1 million in debt. This is quite a turn-around. Can it be done? "If not," says Stoneham, "there are several other companies in the field with which we can do business."

Aside from Phonevision there are two other companies likely to be important in any future expansion of Pay TV. One in particular, Jerrold Electronics Corporation, has had plans of its own for the San Francisco area and would be delighted to have Matty Fox go away from there. Jerrold has been the leading installer of closed-circuit systems in hospitals, schools, offices and similar places where TV is finding a practical job to do.

Jerrold also has built some five hundred "community antenna systems." These are used in localities where, because of mountain barriers or remoteness from broadcasting centers, signals are too weak to be received by ordinary antennas and people pay a monthly fee for reception that comes via wire from a central power installation. Some 800,000 sets now rely on such community systems, paying about $5 a month each, or close to $50 million a year.

The other name to reckon with is Telemeter, owned by Paramount Pictures. Paramount's primary interest is, naturally, what Pay TV can do for the movies, but it knows that movies alone cannot make a Pay TV system profitable.



For its first large-scale experiment, therefore, it chose a place called Etobicoke (pronounced Ee-*toe*-be-coe), a suburb of West Toronto, Canada, which had the twin advantages of being immune to the possible attentions of the FCC and other inquisitive departments of the U.S. Government and of being part of a metropolis that supports several important athletic organizations, notably the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Starting last February with 1,000 subscribers, Telemeter is now up to 6,000 of them, and the scent of success is growing strong. It is a closed-circuit system, and on days when a balanced program has been shown—movies, sports and community interests—an average of almost 50% of the sets have been turned on. In one case a single attraction, *The Ten Commandments*, persuaded nearly half of the subscribers to pay up. In sports, hockey drew a little less than expected but still a substantial 27%, while an exhibition football game between the Toronto Argonauts and the Pittsburgh Steelers drew 22% at the hefty "admission" charge of $2. Even with some fairly old and second-rate movies thrown into the experiment, more than 20% of all the sets have been tuned in at least once a week. Expenditures per set have ranged upward and downward from an initial, enthusiastic $2 per week, but it is too early still to spot a definite trend. Telemeter officials hope eventually for something like a $1.50 average. That may not seem like very much; but here again, as in all mass merchandising calculations, whether they refer to pantie girdles or *The Nun's Story* (incidentally, a boffo 42%), the size of the potential profit or loss is directly relevant to the size of the market. *Variety*'s editor and special correspondent Abel Green, reporting recently on the Etobicoke experiment and having his own fun with figures, has written: "The mathematical horizons when you apply that 20%, at $1 a set, to the 50 million sets in use in the U.S. are truly staggering. Quite obviously, for a $10 million 'one-night stand' via feevee [*sic*] you could bring Noah's Ark with the original cast into the home."

The analogy explains why all of the important movie producers actually favor Pay TV, although so far Paramount has been the only one to come out and say so and try to do something about it. Certainly, far more than school athletic departments, far more even than club owners, the movie makers have reason to live by Feeney's Law that "Revenue is revenue," for it has been demonstrated (by Tom O'Neil first and best) that the movie audience is where you find it and that it can be found in vast numbers in the home.

The question is how to tap it there while keeping theater operators alive and functioning (at least during a transition

continued

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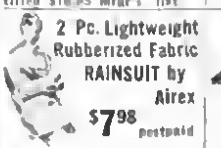
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period), since, as things still stand, exhibition through theaters is the only way to make a current profit on current production. Paramount's answer is to ask the exhibitor to join in the deal. He would have first chance at becoming Telemeter's local licensee and thus could *add* the home box office to his own: for example, while the latest Crosby-and-Hope vehicle was showing at his neighborhood Bijou, it would be showing also on his neighborhood Telemeter system. In addition, of course, his Telemeter system would be bringing in profit from the special features and sports events that also would be broadcast. Barney Balaban, Paramount's president and an oldtime exhibitor with a deep feeling for theater owners' problems, talks about this with the conviction of an evangelist.

This brings us, finally, to defining who the objectors to Pay TV are—and why.

The objectors are not sports people, not movie or stage producers, not actors or writers or choreographers or the Hollywood Film Council (26 unions) or others involved creatively with recreation and entertainment. Nor are they representatives of the public at large. Nor even of the advertising business—which tends toward the worldly and perhaps well-justified attitude that Pay TV ultimately will turn out to be just one more vehicle to carry its messages. Mainly, instead, the objectors come from or are motivated by only two professional groups: the movie exhibitors and the broadcasters of commercial network television.

The attitude of the movie exhibitors has to be looked at in a psychological frame of reference. Just as Pavlov's dogs' mouths watered when a bell rang, theater owners and managers have been trained by repeated stimuli—negative, in their case—to froth at the mouth at any mention of television, even if it is presented to them in the positive terms of Paramount's Telemeter. This is quite understandable. However, although technological obsolescence can be delayed, it cannot in the long run be prevented: the smartest buggy whip salesmen were those who early took on a sideline of tire irons.

The fact that theater operators have allied themselves with commercial TV, the enemy they have known and hated, in order to forestall Pay TV, which actually (through such devices as Telemeter) might be their salvation, is an irony too glaring to need further comment. However, the morally virtuous attitude of commercial TV deserves at least brief attention.

From 1952, when the FCC received the first formal petition from Zenith for permission to start Pay TV over the air, the National Association of Broadcasters has put every obstacle it could think of in the way of its further development. Finally, after years of delays, toward the end of 1957 the FCC delivered itself of a tortuous verdict: *if* a Pay TV enterpriser were willing to pay for converting his customers' sets to receive his programs, *if* he used a channel in a community with at least four existing or allocated channels (so that the competition of Free to Pay would be at least 3 to 1), it would allow him to invest his money in an over-the-air Pay TV project—*provided* this were to be considered merely an experiment and *if* he agreed that the FCC, upon inspecting the results at the end of three years of operations, could close it down *if* it felt that the public interest was not being served.

It is understandable that no long line of would-be Pay TV entrepreneurs formed at the FCC's door the next morning. It seems less logical that at the National Association of Broadcasters the FCC ruling was taken as a dire threat to the status quo. But it was, and its lobbyists hurried to Congress to object. The result (although the Senate had recently finished an investigation of the whole issue) was an investigation by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House. The whole industry took part, but somehow it was the Columbia Broadcasting System that stood out. For one thing, just before the hearings got under way, CBS gave a party—a friendly get-together for some 1,300 guests, featuring good food and drink and a floor show that included Patti Page, Phil Silvers and an orchestra to play state anthems. Scattered among the audience were executives of CBS affiliates from all over the country, earnestly briefing their local Congressmen on the pernicious perils of Pay TV.

It was Dr. Frank Stanton, too, the head of CBS, who during the hearings most eloquently informed the Congressmen of the horrors that would follow in Pay TV's wake. A few years of it, he implied, would cause Americans to become financial or physical wrecks, or perhaps both. For, as he said, "To watch Pay Television for two-thirds of the number of hours that it now actually watches Free Television, the average family would have to pay $473 a year. This is seven times what the average family spends annually for shoes; three times what it spends on heating and lighting its home; and more than it spends on all medical and dental bills, plus all drugs and medicines, plus all cosmetics and shaving supplies, plus all dentifrices."

Certainly it is not a pretty prospect, this: the family huddled in the dark around its Pay TV set, shoving the half dollars in the slot to get their daily ration of Perry Como, baseball and the other stuff they crave, while every day they grow more snaggle-toothed, their shoes wear thin, Father doesn't shave, Mother gets skin blemishes and the children decline into fatal cases of pneumonia.

Dr. Stanton went on to warn that the very fate of the nation might be at stake: that this of all times was not the time to tamper with the existing TV setup "because the country faces a very critical period. I think that everything you can do to maintain cohesiveness, to keep the people informed, just means that we are in better shape to meet the enemy." He admitted awareness that some people did not much like what was available on Free TV and hoped for something different—but he dismissed these people as "deviate cases."

There were rebutters from the pro Pay TV side to point out that Pay TV had no intention of trying to take charge of programs that now were free, and that the two systems were entirely compatible and could exist together with plenty of room for each. But the committee voted anyway to instruct the FCC to withdraw its earlier decision and to allow no over-the-air Pay TV operations at all until further notice.

And that was that until last spring, when O'Neil and RKO General decided to try to force the issue, bought Hartford station WHCT and applied for permission to install Phonevision. O'Neil, although he lacks the Stantonesque talent for identifying his own advantage with The National Purpose, is far from being a humpkin in Washington. Zenith, Paramount and other pro Pay TVers are not defenseless, either. In any event, the House committee soon relented, leaving it to the FCC to determine whether the requirements it had laid down before had been met (give or take a hit, they had). At long last it seemed that the show might get on the air. Then, yet once more, the opposition arrived, armed with legalisms, and demanded, yet once more, a hearing—the one that was recently finished.

What next? The FCC being as torpid a body as can be found in all of Washington, and the Law being a marvelous instrument of delay for those who want to use it that way, it would be rash to say what will happen and when. The best-informed guess, however, would be that the FCC will decide for O'Neil (its Broadcast Bureau has already recommended approval); that this will cause more legal maneuvers, that it may also bring legislative ripostes from Rep. Emanuel Celler, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, who is so anti Pay TV that he once introduced a bill that pro Pay TV people should be fined heavily and jailed for five years, that nevertheless 1961 will find O'Neil making the country's first really large-scale, long-term test of over-the-air Pay TV.

Without assigning crystal-pure motives to him, and acknowledging that Pay TV contains harmful possibilities along with beneficent ones, still that outcome seems highly desirable. In the long run it is not the FCC, Congress, the professional pressure groups or anybody but the public itself that should decide about Pay and Free TV and what the relationship between the two ought to be. The public should be given the chance to see and compare, to support or reject —to buy and, for that matter, to beware. After all, it is reasonable to suppose that Americans are smart enough to be allowed to choose their own television programs. END

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HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

1 3 HEARTS—5 POINTS 4 HEARTS—3 POINTS
REDOUBLE—2 POINTS

On hands of only moderate strength when a take-out double has been made and you have a good fit with partner's opening, best results are usually obtained by offering an immediate jump raise.

2 PASS—5 POINTS 4 NO TRUMP—5

A slam is entirely out of the question. Partner could not have a solid heart suit and a side ace, or else he would not have pre-empted.

3 4 DIAMONDS—5 POINTS
4 SPADES OR 4 HEARTS—4 POINTS
3 NO TRUMP—3 POINTS

Since partner contracted for nine tricks on his own, a return to three spades would be highly inadequate. The suggested call is four diamonds, throwing the choice back to partner, but contracting for game in either major is acceptable.

4 2 HEARTS—5 POINTS 3 HEARTS—2 POINTS
4 HEARTS—1 POINT

Any desire to take drastic action could only be induced by possession of the fifth trump, which may look good but has little practical value. This hand is not rich in playing strength and adds up to just about a good single raise.

5 4 CLUBS—5 POINTS 5 CLUBS—4 POINTS
3 DIAMONDS—2 POINTS 3 CLUBS—1 POINT

Four clubs gets our nod, but we would not look askance at a direct leap to game. Although partner's bid over the double does not show strength, it should be based on a long club suit which is just about all he requires.

6 4 CLUBS—5 POINTS 4 SPADES—3 POINTS
5 SPADES—1 POINT

It is well to control the blood pressure at this point. You opened with a minimum demand bid (you yourself have just nine tricks) and are by no means assured of a slam. Partner could have K-Q of diamonds and another king. An attempt must be made to ascertain whether partner's values are in the club suit. If he has K-Q of clubs you will wish to attempt the slam. The suggested call is therefore four clubs. If North supports that suit big things are in order.

7 5 NO TRUMP—5 POINTS PASS—5 POINTS
5 CLUBS—2 POINTS

Partner has shown a very good hand. It is evident that he is not doubling on spades but on strength in the red suits. While a profit will accrue if the double is left in, it is doubtful that it will be adequate to compensate you for a game.

8 3 HEARTS—5 POINTS 4 HEARTS—4 POINTS
2 SPADES—2 POINTS 3 CLUBS—1 POINT

Some effort should be made to reach slam. The suggested call is three hearts, overbidding the score. If partner bids three spades to show the control, you may jump to five hearts. This should make it clear that if partner has second-round control of diamonds he may then contract for slam. If in response to your three-heart bid partner bids four diamonds, you may safely contract for six hearts yourself.

9 PASS—5 POINTS 4 HEARTS—5

A bid of four hearts as a rescue would be entirely unjustified. Partner is obviously not interested in hearing about your hearts. If he were he would have made a take-out double of the two-spade bid. His jump to three no trump was doubtless based on a long minor suit. In any event you should permit him to work out his own destiny.

10 3 HEARTS—5 POINTS
5 DIAMONDS—4 POINTS
5 DIAMONDS—3 POINTS PASS—2 POINTS
5 DIAMONDS—1 POINT

We favor an unorthodox call of three hearts for purely strategic purposes. In view of your mediocre holding with its great length in partner's pre-emptive bid, there is a strong likelihood that the opponents will bid a slam in spades. If they do, a heart lead from partner, through the strong hand, may be of vital importance, so you must get in the "lead director" now. You, of course, plan to sacrifice in diamonds, the opponents permitting.

11 4 HEARTS—5 POINTS
5 DIAMONDS—3 POINTS
4 DIAMONDS—1 POINT

Partner may not have much high-card strength but he ought to have great length in hearts—which is enough for your purposes. Little is to be gained by rebidding the diamonds.

12 5 NO TRUMP—5 POINTS
5 NO TRUMP—4 POINTS
4 NO TRUMP—2 POINTS 3 CLUBS—1 POINT

The five no-trump bid is not conventional but rather a direct raise inviting partner to bid a slam. Your 21 high-card points, when added to the 10 partner is known to have, give you at least 31, which puts you in the slam zone. Furthermore, you have the advantage of knowing that your strength is well placed with relationship to the enemy assets. With a partner who is known to be conservative we would incline toward a direct slam bid.

13 6 SPADES—5 POINTS 5 SPADES—4 POINTS

The lack of trump support should not deter you from acting. Partner has made it clear that his spade suit is self-sustaining. He should be able to win nine of the 10 tricks for which he has contracted, and you can win at least three. The opposition has made scientific investigation impossible, and we are in favor of a bid of six spades or at least five.

14 3 SPADES—5 POINTS 3 HEARTS—3 POINTS
4 CLUBS—2 POINTS 3 NO TRUMP—1 POINT

Partner is obviously fishing around for big things and he is doing so in the face of our minimum pronouncements. Because we have been careful to show no enthusiasm and because the mild spade fit can be conveniently shown below the game level, one forward move is in order.

15 5 HEARTS—5 POINTS DOUBLE—3 POINTS
4 SPADES—1 POINT

This hand is worth 25 points in support of any suit partner can bid. Because as little as a king or a long suit in his hand will probably produce a slam, a mere double on your part would be placing too much pressure on him. You must take matters in your own hands and force him to speak, even at the six-level.

16 3 DIAMONDS—5 POINTS
DOUBLE—2 POINTS

Something, you can be sure, is rotten here. There is scarcely enough outstanding strength to piece together an opposing opening bid, and to combine that with a jump shift suggests sheer fantasy. Surely you will not wish to retire at less than the five-level in one of your major suits and in order to be sure that the bidding does not suddenly subside, a game-forcing cue bid of three diamonds is recommended.

17 PASS—5 POINTS 2 SPADES—2 POINTS

You have an exactly average hand in high cards (10 points) which will normally not produce game opposite a partner who was only able to overcall. It would be extremely bad tactics to try two no trump merely because you have hearts stopped and a smattering of high cards.

18 4 DIAMONDS—5 POINTS
5 NO TRUMP—4 POINTS
5 NO TRUMP—3 POINTS

A temporizing bid of four diamonds is suggested. If partner supports that suit, contract for slam in the minor. However it is not bad to go directly to six no trump. END



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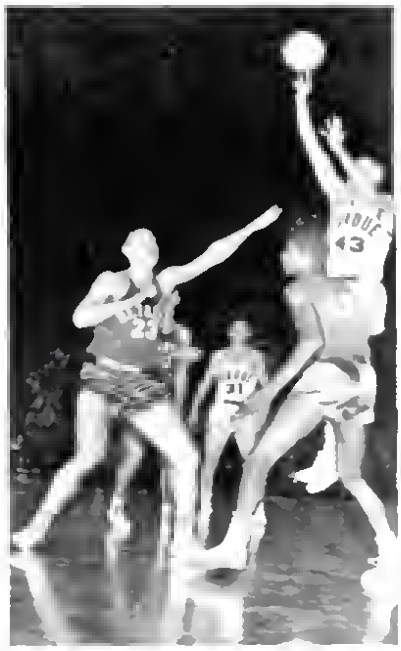
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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp, his pride bruised by an early loss to Florida State, was beaming again after his unpredictable Wildcats used their loul-shooting skill (28 for 34) to upset **North Carolina** 70-65. But it wasn't easy, even after Ned Jennings' rebounding and shooting put Kentucky out in front by five points midway in the second half. The Tar Heels surged back on the sharpshooting of Doug Moe and York Larese but they couldn't quite overcome the Wildcats' superiority from the foul line. While North Carolina faltered, things were popping in the rest of the Atlantic Coast Conference. **Wake Forest**, with big (6 foot 8, 240 pounds) Len Chappell over his early-season aches and throwing his weight around underneath the backboards, surprised **North Carolina State** 68-67 as hustling little Billy Packer calmly dropped in six free throws in the last 2½ minutes. Then, after surviving a scare by **Virginia** to win 88-82, the Deacons caught unbeaten **Maryland** with its famed defenses down and whipped the Terps 72-60 to take first place. **Duke**, displaying remarkable versatility, outran **South Carolina** 107-79 and brushed aside **Clemson**'s zone for a 75-58 triumph.



CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED. Detroit's DeBusschere (23) gapes at shot by Purdue's Dischinger, who scored 31 in 83-64 win.

Undefeated **Louisville**, beginning to look like a colossus in talent as well as in front-line size, had the time of its life in the Bluegrass Tournament. Combining unaccustomed defense with a superb running game, the Cardinals restrained **Georgia Tech**'s Roger Kaiser, took their cue from John Turner's deadly outside shooting and beat the Jackets 74-65. Next night **Western Kentucky** (an 86-72 winner over Utah State) tried to slow down Louisville but again Turner pulled the Cardinals through, this time with 25 points, to an 86-71 victory. However, Coach Peck Hickman, even after his team whipped **Georgetown** (Ky.) 90-63 for its eighth straight, was wary: "We've got a lot of teams waiting to ambush us."

Even as **Auburn**'s SEC champions bustled past **Virginia Tech** 76-53 and **Alabama** 74-62 in the Birmingham Classic (*see page 30*), contender Georgia Tech dropped three in a row, to Louisville, **Utah State** 67-62 and North Carolina State 82-76. But Auburn may not lack for competition. **Vanderbilt** beat **Alabama** 77-61 and **Rice** 70-44, and could be the team to challenge the Tigers.

THE EAST

This section has seldom looked better. **St. John's**, **St. Bonaventure**, **Providence** and **Seton Hall** were unbeaten, while **Villanova** and **NYU** were beginning to look like the teams they were supposed to be.

St. John's took a while to get going, finally overwhelmed **Ohio U.** 78-50 as Tony Jackson scored 27 points. St. Bonaventure, after beating **Xavier** 85-75 at Cincinnati, tore apart **Morehead State**'s zone with 41 points by graceful Tom Stith and trounced the Kentuckians 106-88. Providence, finding it tougher to win, squeezed by **Santa Clara** 65-59 and **San Francisco** 54-47 in the West, then managed to hold off **Canisius** 53-50. **Boston College**, its bubble burst by **Brown** 76-70, was no match for Seton Hall swoftbes Art Hicks and Hank Gunter and lost to the Setonians 105-87. Villanova, with Hubie White pumping in a total of 85 points, ran over **Princeton** 75-46, **Fordham** 92-54 and **Niagara** 83-74. NYU was more tenacious against **Holy Cross**. Sophomore Tom Boose held the Crusaders' Jack Foley to five field goals, scored 25 points himself and the Violets won 79-65.

But the week's biggest victory was scored by slick **Temple**. While playmaker Bruce Drysdale baffled **Kentucky** with one-handed sets, jumpers and infiltrating drives for 25 points, the small but exceptionally deft Owls effectively jammed up the Wildcat attack with a sliding man-to-man and beat them 66-58.

THE MIDWEST

Cincinnati's reign in the Missouri Valley was just about ended. **St. Louis**, the first conference team to get at the Bearcats, allowed them only 32 shots, frustrated them with ball control and finally beat them 57-40, for the first time in four years. And unbeaten **Bradley**, still waiting for its chance, ran away from **Northern Michigan** 105-77, **Nevada** 95-59 and **Wisconsin** 88-66 on the hot shooting of Chet Walker and sophomore Tim Robinson.

Kansas State turned loose Larry Comley who scored 33 points on a fast break to beat North Carolina 77-69 in overtime. **Michigan State** was easier for K-State, succumbing 104-82. However, **Kansas** was not quite so fortunate. Wayne Hightower's 25 points led the Jayhawks past Michigan State 93-69, but North Carolina beat them 78-70.

Ohio State got another good game from Jerry Lucas (27 points, 21 rebounds) and defeated **Wichita** 93-82. But things were looking up for Big Ten challengers. **Purdue**, behind Terry Dischinger's rebounding and scoring, handed **Detroit** its first loss, 83-64, and beat **Washington State** 74-46. Six-foot-11 Walt Bellamy helped **Indiana** set down **Missouri** 66-55 and Nevada 80-52.

THE SOUTHWEST

Oklahoma City's Chiefs, independent operators who had been striking it rich in Texas the last couple of weeks, hit a dry well in **Houston** and lost to the Cougars 78-65. Earlier OC had beaten **Baylor** 68-54 and **Texas A&M** 60-58.

While other SWC teams were still getting slapped around by outsiders, **SMU** installed a single post, used Jim Thompson's outside sniping for 20 points to break down **Oklahoma**'s swinging and sinking defense and shocked the Sooners 67-61. Thus inspired, the Mustangs rode Steve Strange's 25 points to an 83-67 win over **Tulane**.

THE WEST

There were still some soundings to come from up north, where **California**'s defense barely carried the Bears past **San Francisco** 53-49, but **Notre Dame** Coach Johnny Jordan was ready to call **UCLA** the best in the West after the Bruins manhandled the Irish 85-54 and **Butler** 73-61. "The best team we've played," said Jordan. "They just ran away from us." But **USC** wasn't far behind. With 6-foot-6 John Rudometkin covering the boards and popping in rebounds, the Trojans did almost as well against the same teams, beating Butler 66-56 and Notre Dame 93-63.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL In the final week of interleague trading the Milwaukee Braves further strengthened their infield in two previous weeks by the purchase and promised Reserve Infielder Billy Martin from Cincinnati and Second Baseman Frank Bolling from Detroit for trading two pitchers, Juan Pizarro and Joey Jay, to the Cincinnati Reds for Shortstop Roy McMillan. The Reds in turn kept Jay but traded Pizarro and Pitcher Carl Mc Lish to the Chicago White Sox for Third Baseman Gene Freese. Then in a straight swap the Boston Red Sox gave Pitcher Frank Sullivan to the Philadelphia Phillies for Pitcher Jim Owley, both right-handers. On the final day of trading, the lowly Washington club swapped veteran left-hander Bubba Shantz, odd man of from the New York Yankees a week before in the American League draft to stock its own new roster, to the Pittsburgh Pirates in exchange for three ex-major league minor leaguers. First Baseman R. C. Stevens and Harry Bright and Pitcher Bonny Daniels. Also on the first day the Yankees in an effort to strengthen their depleted second-line pitching, bought Left-hander Dan McDevitt from the Los Angeles Dodgers. Over the entire three weeks of interleague trading there were only 10 transactions involving 21 players.

HUE QUARIAT of the Pittsburgh Pirates was officially declared the National League's batting champion with a .325 average, the lowest winning National League batting average since 1919.

BASKETBALL The BOSTON CELTICS once more found themselves leaders of the Eastern Division when Philadelphia dropped two games in a row first to Detroit and then to St. Louis. The Celtics quickly solidified their lead within 120-112 victory over the Los Angeles Lakers and had such commanding lead by the fourth period that Coach Red Auerbach played his second line for the last six minutes of the game. The New York Knickerbockers, 11½ games out of first with 21 defeats in 29 starts, purchased Guard Phil Rollins from St. Louis To make room for Rollins Carl Braun, the Knicks' aging coach, put himself on the inactive list. While the ST. LOUIS HAWKS continued to head the parade in the West, the Cincinnati Royals took over second place from Los Angeles by defeating the Lakers 130-116 in a game in Cincinnati.

In the NBL, the CLEVELAND PIPERS moved into the lead in the Eastern Division by three games with a 120-119 win over the Denver Detroiters, despite a 46-point effort by Denver rookie Horace Walker. The Seattle Boeing Bakers gained a half game lead in the Western Division by splitting two games with the New York Tuck Tapers.

BOXING EMILE GRIFFITH took off first punching but frequently clutching Luis Manuel Rodriguez of Havana, handed the Cuban his first defeat in 37 bouts with a split decision win in Madison Square Garden. Willie Pastrano, the 22-year-old Griffith who has been having problems finally only Lavorgna, earned a shot in Benny Paret's welterweight title.

BOWLING The St. Louis BUDWEISER bowling team, winners of the national championship in four out of the last five years, will be disbanded in what team sponsor Anheuser-Busch Inc. called a change of emphasis from team to individual participation. Though the brewery bowlers said it was doubtful that they would join the new National Bowling League, scheduled to start play in September, NBL Commissioner Dick Charles called Anheuser-Busch's action as "a major breakthrough" for his league.

FOOTBALL PENN STATE, with two powerful units wore down Oregon for a 41-12 victory in the second annual Liberty Bowl game at Philadelphia. Oregon scored first with an 88-yard drive, but in the second quarter Penn State ran for three touchdowns and took a 21-6 lead. In the third quarter Oregon scored on a 10-yard run to get back into contention. But the game turned to a rout in the fourth period when Penn State scored three times. Dick Hrak, voted Most Valuable Player in the game, intercepted two Oregon passes, ran 33 yards for one touchdown and two minutes later passed 33 yards for another. It was Penn State's second straight victory in the Liberty Bowl. In the Bluebonnet Bowl at Houston, Fullback Ray Poage led Texas on a 71-yard fourth-quarter surge to set up a successful 20-yard field goal that gave the Longhorns a 3-3 tie with Alabama. The field goal, kicked by Dan Petty, came with four minutes left in the game. At the final gun an interference penalty at the Alabama 18 gave Texas a chance to break the deadlock, but the game-ending field goal attempt was wide. Alabama had scored its field goal in the third quarter on a 30-yard kick by Tommy Brooker, after a scoreless first half in which the Longhorns stopped a 57-yard Alabama drive inches from the goal line.

HARNESS RACING Year-end tabulation showed ADIOS BUTLER as the fastest pacer of the year. The 3-year-old broke Greyhound's 22-year-old mark of 1:57 with a record time of 1:54⅗ for the mile, fastest ever recorded by a harness horse. ELAINE RODNEY was the fastest trotter, setting new world record for 3-year-old with a 1:58⅘ clocking. In all 106 two-minute miles were recorded in 1960 for pacers, 14 two-minute miles for trotters. DEL MILLER of Meadow Lands, Pa., won the harness racing drivers' purse championship for the year with a purse total of $367,252. Miller had stiff competition for the title from Stanley Dancer, William Haughton and Flint Hodgins, each of whom earned over $300,000.

HOCKEY The MONTREAL CANADIENS, with substitute goalie Charlie Hodge still in the nets, continued their winning ways, beat Boston 1-0 for their 10th victory in last 11 starts. Montreal's Bernie Geoffrion scored in his eighth consecutive game. Maurice Richard set the NHL record of nine straight in 1944, now leads the league with 24 goals. Toronto handled the Canadiens their one defeat, won 12 with three 1st period goals. MONTREAL first, TORONTO second, DETROIT third in NHL standings.

SOCCER The 2,700 members of Britain's Professional Footballers' Association called a strike for Jan. 14. The players demand a minimum wage of £15 ($42) a week, abolition of the maximum wage ($36), and freedom to negotiate length of contract at present one year. The clubs offered to raise the minimum to £20 ($56) and extend the contract period to three years, conditions that were rejected by the association. If the strike occurs, the clubs insist they will play their games with any men available, including amateurs and members of the ground crews.

TENNIS The USLTA, its treasury out when the U.S. Davis Cup squad failed to retain the Challenge Round, turned to Jack Kramer and his professionals for financial help. Kramer tentatively agreed to assist by turning over 5% of the gross gate at every one of his American appearances, provided the local promoter agreed to the cut.

MILEPOSTS RETIRED: BILL NIEDER, 26-year-old Olympic shotput champion and world record holder, 6'5 feet 7 inches, with a pending record of 6'6 feet 10 inches, on his doctor's orders following a new aggravation of an old knee injury. A Sir Francisco Nieder's Olympic victory was pursued triumph, labeled by archrival Parry O'Brien's low posture performer "whoreboked in big meets, he barely made the Olympic squad as an alternate, but he came through in the Games to set Olympic record of 64 feet 6¾ inches, and outdid O'Brien, the defending champion, by nearly two feet.

DISMISSED: MIKE NIXON, head coach of the Washington Redskins, after his team won only one NFL game this season.

RETIRED: WARREN GIESE, after nine years as head football coach at the University of South Carolina, his record 28-24-1. Giese will remain as athletic director. In his first act he hired Murray Bass, assistant coach at Georgia Tech, as new head coach.

DIED: ROBERT DONNELL, member of the Ohio State swimming team, and DARNESS MALLORY, freshman football and basketball player at the University of Omaha, in the two plane air crash over New York City.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2 [illegible] 9 [illegible] 11 [illegible] Newsday 24 [illegible] 25 [illegible] 26 [illegible] 30 32, 33 [illegible] 34 35 [illegible] 36, 37 [illegible] 38 [illegible] 39 [illegible] 40, 41 [illegible] 44, 45 [illegible] the City [illegible] Stevens [illegible] New York [illegible] 46 [illegible] 47 [illegible] New York Herald Tribune 48, 49 [illegible] FAO Schwarz [illegible] 58 Jay Gould 59 AP Zimmerman 60—Rodney Milman Associated Press 61 AP Sports Postscripts 62 Ray Gillette, Greensboro Daily News, Rodney Dolph Associated Press Gazette 68—Phil Bath 69 Marvin E. Newman, John Launois 70 Art Shay, Anton Brzezinski 71 Hans Knopf, Ray Joy Bleyton 72 Russell Reine 73 Guy Gillette FORTUNE, Fabian Bachrach, AP 12 UPI 21 Dan Weiner FORTUNE, The New York Times, Walker Evans FORTUNE 74 Illustrations by Eugene Kaelin 91—AP 93—AP Lee Balterman 94—Ted Mello

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

"ARETE" (CONT.)

Sirs:

When your editorial staff meets to pick the Sportsman of the Year, may they reflect on the deeds of a young man who is surrounded by legal red tape, racketeers, immature newspapermen and hungry promoters: Floyd Patterson.

Despite these, he did what no other fighter had accomplished before him.

He is the most dedicated athlete competing today, and he exhibits grace and modesty.

FRED ENFIELD

Newark

Sirs:

I nominate Mickey Thompson for showing that being a hot rodder does not mean being a juvenile delinquent.

LAWRENCE THOMPSON

Springfield, Mass.

PUCKS AND PIGEONS

Sirs:

Wonderful hockey shots all right (*Clay Pigeons and Cold Sweat*, Dec. 19), but if I'm not mistaken the A.P. scooped you a couple of weeks ago with the best goalie picture of all—Gump Worsley getting clonked in Detroit.

JOHN GOODRICH

New York City



GUMP GETS A LUMP

Sirs:

Your picture layout on the life of a goalie in action was one of the most attractive hockey spreads in the history of this colorful game. Incidentally, did you know that George St. Marie's photograph of Jacques Plante in a helpless sprawl, which you used, won first prize in the annual National Hockey League photography contest?

HERB GOREN

New York City

SUGAR AND SHAME

Sirs:

It is a shame that Sugar Ray Robinson, after once again proving himself a true champion and one of the greatest boxers of all time, should be forced, through an incompetent method of determining a winner, to forfeit his claim to the championship.

FRED SILVERSTEIN JR.

Nashville

Sirs:

The posting of scoring round by round is one of the finest ideas I've heard ("Who Win It?", SCORECARD, Dec. 12). It would certainly do a lot for boxing.

KEN MCELROY

Columbus, Ohio

TRA IN THE SNOW

Sirs:

In your article entitled "The TRA's Troubles" (SCORECARD, Dec. 12), you wrote, "Mrs. Everett departed with a gratuitous mot. 'Drayton couldn't track an elephant in the snow.' "

The last part of the statement was correct, but Mrs. Everett did *not* mention Drayton by name. What she said was that the Thoroughbred Racing Protection Bureau, headed by him, "sent us an agent in charge who . . . couldn't track an elephant in the snow."

Arlington-Washington spearheaded the handful of tracks that founded the Thoroughbred Racing Association back in 1942. We at Arlington Park and Washington Park have been trying ever since to make them progressive, aggressive, productive, businesslike representatives of every Thoroughbred race track in America, subsidizing a police arm that would wipe out every undesirable element in the sport.

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HARRY SHEER

Arlington Heights, Ill.

RIGHT'S RIGHT

Sirs:

According to your account of the National Championship Retriever Trials at Weldon Springs, there were four finalists (*How to Bring 'em Back Best*, Dec. 5). In naming only the other three, you do an injustice to Medlin's Texas Right, a magnificent young black Labrador owned and handled by C. Alan Fischer of Hillsborough, Calif.

JAY A. NOREM

Dallas



MEDLIN'S TEXAS RIGHT IN FINAL TRIALS

FLAB

Sirs:

In your active campaigns for racket-free boxing, open tennis, Tennessee walking horses, and most recently dope-free athletics (*Our Drug-happy Athletes*, Nov. 21), you have neglected one vital issue—that of improved physical fitness. Americans are so engulfed in intellectual worries that they are forgetting about their own flabby, listless selves.

WALTER PARRY JR.

Goleta, Calif.

● For high-level notice of the flabby American, see page 14.—ED.

DEAR DEER

Sirs:

A loud hoorah for Barbara McAllister and her "sweet dear little buck" (SCORECARD, Dec. 12).

Sure, sure, I know: a) It's better to be shot than to die of starvation, b) the "odds" are all in favor of the buck getting away; c) if somebody sends me a venison steak I'll eat it and enjoy it.

But I still can't see any damn fun in shooting the beautiful creatures.

H. B. GILBERT

Toronto

December 26
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PAT ON THE BACK



HAROLD MELSOME PROBYN

On wings of time

Air Commodore Harold Melsome Probyn (C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.) first learned to fly a plane in 1915 (he holds that flying hasn't been as much fun since the invention of the parachute). Now retired and living in Kenya, Probyn was nettled recently when the licensing authorities decided that at 69 he had become too old to fly. Muttering "balderdash" and "poppycock," he took the engine from his wife's Volkswagen, mounted it on a homemade glider (*see above*) and soon was put-putting through African skies. Predictably, the authorities capitulated. "Seeing that it lands slower than 45 mph and weighs less than 1,000 pounds," he says crisply.

Air Commodore Probyn's powered gliding is the most recent chapter in a personal history that pretty well spans that of aviation itself. His airborne military service alone covers two world wars. In peacetime Probyn has flown with his wife over most of the globe—including a 1935 trip around Africa in a $1,200 Miles Hawk. Though he is no man to bow to age, this timeless aviator admits that advancing years did force his retirement from the RAF at the end of World War II. "I had to get out," says the irrepressible air commodore. "I was holding up everybody's promotion."

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EARLY TIMES



Sam Huff. New York Giant All Pro, is considered the best middle linebacker in football. A smart diagnostician he's a rough tackler, too. Sam smothered this one at the line of scrimmage.



Red dogging the passer is a Huff specialty. When the center takes his weight off the ball Sam spots a pass coming. By the time the center's ready to block Huff is half way to the quarterback.



Sam controls the guard with a shoulder block for the split second he needs to see which way the play is going. A smart defensive man knows when to wait and when to run.

Take a tip from Sam Huff —settle back and have a full-flavored smoke

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